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TENNYSON'S

GERAINT AND ENID

AND

OTHER POEMS

EDITED,

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

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PREFACE.

The present volume contains those poems of Tennyson that have been prescribed by the University of Toronto for the pass Matriculation Examination, and adopted by the Education Department of the Province for the Junior Leaving Examination.

The text of the poems is that of the last English edition, many earlier readings being given in the notes whenever a comparison with the altered text would serve to test or to improve the student's literary judgment and taste.

The introduction is three-fold: (1) a chronology of the poet's career; (2) a short series of biographical articles; (3) a description of Tennyson's homes and haunts, based on observations made by the present editor during a recent tour in Lincolnshire, Tennyson's native county.

In the preparation of the notes and in making extracts from the comments and criticisms of others, the editor has kept constantly in view two things: (1) the limitations of ordinary High School pupils as to the time at their disposal for original literary research; (2) the necessity of supplying the student with those historical and biographical facts that serve to elucidate the text. Critical comments and notes of interpretation have been given only on passages where it was felt that the young student might need such aid.

For obvious reasons special attention has been given in this edition to the "Locksley Hall" poems. The excellent article in the Appendix on "The Two Locksley Halls" will be found of much value.

It is scarcely necessary to mention the various works on Tennyson that have been consulted in the preparation of this little volume. Acknowledgements, however, are due to Miss E. M. Balmer, B.A., for very valuable aid in annotation.

STRATHROY, July 13th, 1891.

"Shakespeare and Milton—what third blazoned name
Shall lips of after ages link to these?
His who, beside the wide encircling seas,
Was England's voice, her voice with one acclaim,
For threescore years; whose word of praise was fame;
Whose scorn gave pause to man's iniquities.

What strain was his in that Crimean war?
A bugle call in battle; a low breath,
Plaintive and sweet, above the fields of death!
So year by year the music rolled afar,
From Euxine wastes to flowery Kandahar,
Bearing the laurel of the cypress wreath.

Others shall have their little space of time,
Their proper niche and bust, then fade away
Into the darkness, poets of a day:
But thou, O builder of enduring rhyme,
Thou shalt not pass! Thy fame in every clime
On earth shall live where Saxon speech has sway."

—*Aldrich.*

TENNYSON'S LIFE.

"I think it wisest in a man to do his work in the world as quietly and as well as he can, without much heeding the praise or dispraise." These wise words are the Laureate's own. That he has done his life-work well no one will question; that he has done it quietly, anyone who attempts to write a biography of the poet is prepared to admit.

A calm, sensationless, unromantic life like that of Tennyson's furnishes only scanty materials for the biographer. Moreover, the time has scarcely yet come for writing the life of a poet who has become a classic in his own lifetime. The future will disclose many matters of a private nature which lend interest and value to the story of a life, but which the present hides beneath the sacred seal of reverential silence.

The only trustworthy biography of Tennyson that has yet been written is to be found in his works. His poems are, in a very great degree, his life. To the intelligent student the growth of Tennyson's mind and soul may be traced unerringly in his art, if his productions are examined in their proper sequence.

No attempt, then, will here be made to narrate the full life-story of the Poet Laureate. But all accessible information of a biographical nature will be given to the

student in other ways:—(1) In a succinct chronology of the poet's life, which will contain a summary of all events of literary interest; (2) In a series of brief articles dealing with a few of the most interesting epochs and episodes in his career; (3) In a description of Tennyson's early homes and haunts.—two chapters of a little volume, "Over the Sea," written last year by the present writer, after visiting "Tennyson Land."

CHRONOLOGY.

1809.—Alfred Tennyson, the third son of the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, on the 6th of August.

In the same year Gladstone, Darwin, and Mrs. Browning were born.

1816.—Was sent to the Grammar School at Louth, where he remained for four years.

1827.—"Poems by Two Brothers" was published in Louth by a local printer named Jackson. The anonymous poets were Charles and Alfred Tennyson.

1828.—Alfred Tennyson entered Trinity College, Cambridge.

1829.—Tennyson gained the Chancellor's medal for English verse by his poem "Timbuctoo."

1830.—"Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," published in London. This volume contained "The Poet" and "Recollections of the Arabian Nights."

1831.—His father died in March, and he left Cambridge prematurely.

1833.—"Poems by Alfred Tennyson." This volume contained "The Lady of Shalott." "The Lotus-Eaters," and "The May Queen."

"The Lover's Tale," printed and immediately suppressed because the author was diffident about its merits.

In the *Quarterly Review* for July the 1833 poems were severely criticised by Lockhart.

In his "Table-Talk" Coleridge spoke thus of Tennyson: "I have not read through all Mr. Tennyson's poems, which have been sent to me, but I think there are some things of a good deal of beauty in what I have seen. The misfortune is, that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is."

On Sept. 15th Arthur Henry Hallam died suddenly at Vienna.

1835.—The Tennyson family left Somersby. Carlyle wrote thus to Emerson about Tennyson's movements thereafter: "He preferred clubbing with his mother and some sisters, to live unpromoted and write poems; . . . . now here, now there; the family always within reach of London, never in it; he himself making rare and brief visits, lodging in some old comrade's rooms."

1837.—*The Edinburgh Review* notices Tennyson with favor.

W. S. Landor wrote to a friend on Dec. 9th: "Yesterday a young man (Mr. Moreton) read to me a manuscript by Mr. Tennyson very different in style from his printed poems. The subject is the death of Arthur. It is more Homeric than any poem of our time, and rivals some of the noblest parts of the Odyssey."

1838.—Tennyson lived in London, and was a member of the Anonymous Club, with Carlyle, Thackeray, Macready, Landor.

1842.—"Poems by Alfred Tennyson." After nine years of almost unbroken silence appeared this famous collection of poems, including "Morte d'Arthur," "Locksley Hall," "Ulysses," Sir Galahad," "St. Agnes." These poems were received with warm enthusiasm by Carlyle, Dickens, Emerson, and Poe, and indeed by almost all contemporary authors and

critics. It is quite evident that Tennyson had heeded the voices of earlier criticism, for in this edition were republished only the best of the 1833 edition, and even these had been pruned and revised.

1845.—The poet received a pension of £200 through Sir Robert Peel.

This year in a letter to a friend, Wordsworth, then Poet Laureate, wrote as follows of Tennyson: "He is decidedly the first of our living poets, and I hope will live to give the world still better things."

It was about this time that Poe wrote thus in an American review: "I am not sure that Tennyson is not the greatest of poets."

1847.—"The Princess; A Medley."

1850.—"In Memoriam" appears.

On June 13th, the poet was married to Emily Sarah Sellwood, at Shiplake Church, Oxfordshire, of which church the bride's cousin was vicar.

This year Wordsworth died, and on Nov. 19th, Alfred Tennyson was appointed Poet Laureate of England.

1851.—Lived at Twickenham. Travelled in France and Italy.

1852.—"Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

1853.—Went to live at Farringford, Freshwater, at the south-west corner of the Isle of Wight.

1854.—"The Charge of the Light Brigade."

1855.—"Maud, and other Poems."

The University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of D.C.L.

1857.—"Enid and Nimue," an Arthurian poem, printed but suppressed before publication.

This year Bayard Taylor visited Tennyson at Farringford, and walked with him along the cliffs. Thus he speaks of the Laureate: "I was struck with the variety of his knowledge. Not a little

flower on the downs escaped his notice, and the geology of the coast was perfectly familiar to him. I thought of a remark I once heard from Thackeray, that Tennyson was the wisest man he knew."

1859.—"Idylls of the King." The four Idylls were "Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine," and "Guinevere." Ten thousand copies of this book were sold in six weeks.

This year the poet visited Portugal.

1860.—"Sea Dreams" and "Tithonus" appeared in magazines.

1861.—Revisited the Pyrenees, where he had been with Hallam in 1829.

1863.—"A Welcome to Alexandra."

1864.—"Enoch Arden."

1865.—Declined a baronetcy offered by the Queen.

1867.—Bought the Greenhill estate in Sussex.

1868.—Longfellow visited Farringford.

1870.—"The Holy Grail." Forty thousand copies ordered in advance.

1872.—"Gareth and Lynette."

This year the poet took possession of Aldworth, his new house in Sussex. The poet chose this place on account of its bracing atmosphere in summer, and to have a place of retirement from Farringford, to which many visitors were flocking in the summer months.

1875.—"Queen Mary: a Drama."

1877.—"Harold: a Drama."

1879.—"The Lover's Tale." A revision of the suppressed poem of 1833, made necessary by the fact that it had been pirated.

1880.—"Ballads and other Poems."

1881.—"The Cup," produced at the Lyceum Theatre, with Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in the leading parts.

1883.—Tennyson and Gladstone took a sea-trip to Copenhagen. Tennyson accepted a peerage.

1884.—"The Cup" and "The Falcon" published. "Becket" published. This and "Queen Mary" and "Harold" constitute the "Historic Trilogy."

This year the poet was gazetted as Baron of Aldworth and Farringford.

1885.—"Tiresias and other Poems."

1886.—"Locksley Hall Sixty Years After."

1889.—"Demeter and other Poems."

GENEALOGY OF TENNYSON.

It is Tennyson who sings:

> "Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

This sentiment, however, springs from no proletarian narrowness, for the poet can trace his ancestry to "Norman blood," and even to the wearers of coronets and crowns.

In Tennyson's descent two lines are blended, the middle-class line of the Tennysons, and the noble line of the D'Eyncourts. The Tennysons are an old Yorkshire family. The D'Eyncourts, through many vicissitudes of blood, sprang from John of Gaunt, the fourth son of Edward III.

Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, LL.D., the poet's father, has been described as "a man of energetic character, remarkable for his great strength and stature, and of very various talents,—something of a poet, painter, architect, and musician, and also a considerable linguist and mathematician."

The poet's mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Fytche, was a daughter of the Vicar of Louth. Her mother was a granddaughter of a certain Mons. Fauvelle, a French Huguenot, related to Madame de Maintenon. Mrs. Tennyson is described as "a sweet and gentle and most imaginative woman, so kind-hearted that it had passed into a proverb" in the neighborhood. Her nature was wholly emotional, and from her the sons probably inherited their poetical natures. Her habitual exaltation of soul is said to have shone from wonderfully luminous eyes. Tennyson has given us this portrait of his mother in "The Princess:"

> "One,
> Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
> Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
> No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
> In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
> Interpreter between the Gods and men,
> Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
> On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
> Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
> Sway'd to her from her orbits as they moved,
> And girdled her with music."

TENNYSON'S BOYHOOD.

Of Tennyson's early days we know very little. With the sensitiveness of a recluse the poet has always lived his life apart from the outer world, and even of his boyhood he speaks only to "unrecording friends." A few scant and not too reliable traditions we have,—and little more.

Although the hamlet of Somersby was quite out of the world—and indeed it is so to-day—the village rectory was a cosmos of itself. The seven sons and five daughters of Dr. Tennyson were no ordinary children, nor was their education of an ordinary kind. No dull routine or mar-

tinct methods sapped the originality of the rector's children. Their education, it is true, was not what the world calls practical, but it was such as nourishes poets. The air of the rectory was always full of ideality and poetry. Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, in an article on "Alfred Tennyson" in *Harper's Magazine* for December, 1883, gives us a glimpse into this little world: "The boys played great games, like Arthur's Knights; they were champions and warriors defending a stone heap; or, again, they would set up opposing camps with a King in the midst of each. The King was a willow wand stuck into the ground, with an outer circle of immortals to defend him of firmer, stiffer sticks. Then each party would come with stones, hurling at each other's King, and trying to overthrow him. Perhaps as the day wore on they became romancers, leaving the jousts deserted. When dinner-time came, and they all sat round the table, each in turn put a chapter of his history underneath the potato-bowl,— long endless histories, chapter after chapter, diffuse, absorbing, unending, as are the stories of real life of which each sunrise opens on a new part. Alfred used to tell a story which lasted for months, and which was called 'The Old Horse.'"

Tennyson has vouchsafed to correct the popular tradition that as a boy in Somersby he was a shy student, wandering about with book in hand, or rapt in some deep reverie. He gives the following as more characteristic of his boyish habits. He and his elder brother Charles used to defend one of the bridges over the Somersby brook against superior numbers of the village boys. They could, he says, hold their own against four or five, but on one occasion when the attacking force was eight or ten the brothers had to beat a retreat.

Alfred Tennyson spent about four years of his early boyhood at the Grammar School of Louth (1816-1820). The poet's recollection of the place is that no one learned very much there, and that he learned very little indeed. The substance of his education, he says, was given him by his father in the eight years following the period at Louth. Doubtless much of his wonderful erudition was self-acquired, as he was from his earliest days a great reader. One of the poet's reminiscences of Louth is that he took part in a procession which was connected with the town festivities on the occasion of the coronation of King George the Fourth.

Although the Grammar School at Louth contributed little to the poet's mental development, there is no doubt that his earliest attempts at versification were made here, —if we except the first promise of native genius which found voice in the rectory garden at Somersby when little Alfred at the age of five, listening to the wind murmuring in the neighboring trees, exclaimed: "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind." At Louth, Mrs. Ritchie tells us, he wrote his first verses. These were written upon a slate which his elder brother Charles put into his hand one Sunday, when all the elder members of the family had gone to church, and Alfred was left alone. Charles gave him a subject.—the flowers in the garden,— and when he came back from church, the slate was produced, all covered with lines of blank verse, made on the model of Thomson's *Seasons*, the only long poem he had ever read. "Yes, you can write," said Charles, as he gave Alfred back the slate.

Another interesting anecdote of the poet's early efforts may be told here. His grandfather had asked him to

write an elegy on his grandmother, who had recently died. When the poem was finished the old man put ten shillings into the lad's hands, saying, "There, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last."

Some interesting facts about Louth and Tennyson's connection therewith will be found on a subsequent page in the editor's description of a tour through Lincolnshire.

One other incident of Tennyson's boyhood must not be omitted from this short sketch. The most striking feature in the landscape of Somersby parish is Holywell Glen, a wooded ravine described on a subsequent page. At the upper end of this pretty glen are some sandstone rocks, ever to be remembered in literary history. On a day early in May, 1824, the news reached this remote Lincolnshire village, at least a fortnight after the event, that the great Poet of Passion was dead. Young Tennyson, not yet fifteen years old, retired alone to this secluded glen and carved into the sandstone rocks the epitaph BYRON IS DEAD. What a profound impression was made upon the boy's mind by the death of the great poet whose life had been a painfully exciting drama he has himself told us in impressive words: "I thought the whole world was at an end; I thought that everything was over and finished for everyone, that nothing else mattered." Here was a lad, certainly, with all the feelings of a poet; the expression was sure to come.

Had Byron's poetry any real influence on Tennyson's art? More than is generally acknowledged. Byron was to the youth of that time more than any other poet has ever been to his contemporaries. His poems were passionate romances and his very life was a passionate romance.

No wonder, therefore, that the imaginations of the young, especially of young poets, were in thrall to this strange genius. Not to have been in thrall would have displayed a bleak barrenness of spirit. In the case of Tennyson the influence of Byron was more than personal:—it took a firm hold on his earlier song, and even in "Locksley Hall" and "Maud" may be seen lingering traces of his earlier devotion.

POEMS BY TWO BROTHERS.

Tennyson was only eighteen when he quietly and anonymously slipped into print as the junior author of "Poems by Two Brothers." The book was published by Messrs. Jackson of Louth, who, after engaging to pay the boys ten pounds for the copyright of their juvenile efforts, actually paid them twenty pounds! Louth has certainly a right to be proud of its generous and keen-sighted townsmen.

The title-page of the little volume bore a modest motto from Martial: *Haec nos novimus esse nihil* (We ourselves know that these are nothing). The same modesty characterizes the preface:

"The following Poems were written from the ages of fifteen to eighteen, not conjointly but individually; which may account for their differences of style and matter. To light upon any novel combination of images, or to open any vein of sparkling thought, untouched before, were no easy task: indeed the remark itself is as old as the truth is clear: and no doubt if submitted to the microscopic eye of periodical criticism, a long list of inaccuracies and imitations would result from the investigation. But so it is: we have passed the Rubicon and we leave the rest

to fate; though its edict may create a fruitless regret that we ever emerged from 'the shade' and courted notoriety."

The little book contains one hundred and two pieces on themes drawn from all ages and many lands. Many of the poems are introduced by quotations; among others, from Byron, Milton, Moore, and Scott. There are frequent foot-notes, which display much learning but no suggestion of pedantry. The critics have found it impossible in this volume to distinguish the poems of Alfred from those of Charles, and, as the Poet Laureate has never admitted the paternity of any of these early poems by incorporating them in his later volumes, we must be content to accept his own estimate of his early work. Certainly none of the poems in the pioneer volume are very inspiring, even if none are very bad.

There is one significant thing about this little book that cannot escape notice,—the strong brotherly instincts of the authors. The two boys had been kindred spirits from earliest boyhood. They had shared each other's sports and cares and ambitions, and now with faces hidden from view, they come before an unsympathetic public hand in hand. Of Charles Tennyson, who was associated with Alfred in this precocious literary venture, and who afterwards assumed the name of Turner on inheriting certain estates from his grandmother, it may be said that he afterwards published several volumes of meritorious verse. It is of this favorite brother that we read in "In Memoriam":

> "But thou and I are one in kind,
> As moulded like in Nature's mint;
> And hill and wood and field did print
> The same sweet forms on either mind.

For us the same cold streamlet curled
Thro' all his eddying coves: the same
All winds that roam the twilight came
In whispers of the beauteous world.

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows:
One lesson from one book we learned.
Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd
To black and brown on kindred brows."

AT CAMBRIDGE.

In October, 1828, Tennyson entered Trinity College, Cambridge. His two elder brothers, Frederick and Charles, were already there. The tutor under whom Charles and Alfred were placed was the distinguished Whewell, afterwards Master of the College.

Alfred Tennyson's academical career was incomplete, his premature departure from the University being due to the death of his father. In his second year at college, however, he won the Chancellor's medal for English verse, a distinction gained in earlier years by Macaulay and by Lytton. The theme of his prize poem was "Timbuctoo."

The poet himself tells a curious story as to the way in which he won this prize. His father, imagining that Alfred was doing little at the University and knowing that he was inclined to poetry, urged him to compete for the Chancellor's medal. The young collegian took a poem that he had written two years before on the "Battle of Armageddon," supplied it with a new beginning and a new ending and sent it in as "Timbuctoo."

"Timbuctoo" received a remarkable notice in the *Athenæum*:

"We have accustomed ourselves to think, perhaps without any very good reason, that poetry was likely to perish among us for a very considerable period after the great generation of poets which is now passing away.

The age seems determined to contradict us, and that in the most decided manner, for it has put forth poetry by a young man, and that where we should least expect to find it—in a prize poem. These productions have often been ingenious and elegant, but we have never before seen one which indicated really first-rate poetic genius, and which would have done honor to any man that ever wrote."

After quoting some forty lines of the poem the reviewer adds, "How many men have lived for a century that could equal that?"

Tennyson has done honor to Cambridge and to his old College in these lines from "In Memoriam:"

"I past beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown;
I rovel at random thro' the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls;

And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophets blazon'd on the panes;

And caught once more the distant shout,
The measured pulse of racing oars
Among the willows; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt
The same, but not the same; and last
Up that long walk of limes I past
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.—

Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land."

This "band of youthful friends" was a literary and debating society that called itself the "Twelve Apostles." Some of these "Apostles" afterwards became famous in

the church and in literature.—Henry Alford, Richard Trench, A. W. Kinglake, Richard M. Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton). The two "Apostles" with whom we have to do just now are Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Henry Hallam. Between these two sprang up a wondrous friendship, one of the most famous and most fruitful in history or in literature. This friendship must receive separate consideration in a subsequent section.

THE POEMS OF 1830.

In 1830 the "Two Brothers," who three years before had issued their youthful poems conjointly and anonymously, again appeared, but this time independently of each other and without disguise. In this year Charles Tennyson published "Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces," and Alfred Tennyson, "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical."

Wordsworth, then at the height of literary fame, in a letter from Cambridge of this year writes thus of the Tennysons: "We have also a respectable show of blossom in poetry—two brothers of the name of Tennyson; one in particular not a little promising."

Although this little volume of 1830 was mercilessly criticised in *Blackwood* by Christopher North, it contains some of the poet's very best work. Here we find the "Ode to Memory," "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," and "The Poet." In the last-named piece the young bard gives us his high ideal of the poet's art and vocation. In the *Westminster Review* for January, 1831, appeared the following appreciative words which are prophetic in their critical insight:

"He has shown, in the lines from which we quote, his own just conception of the grandeur of a poet's destiny; and we look to him for its fulfilment. It is not for such

men to sink into mere verse-makers for the amusement of themselves or others. They can influence the associations of unnumbered minds; they can command the sympathies of unnumbered hearts; they can disseminate principles, they can give those principles power over men's imaginations; they can excite in a good cause the sustained enthusiasm that is sure to conquer; they can blast the laurels of the tyrants, and hallow the memories of the martyrs of patriotism; they can act with a force, the extent of which it is difficult to estimate, upon national feelings and character, and consequently upon national happiness. If our estimate of Mr. Tennyson be correct, he too is a poet; and many years hence may be read his juvenile description of that character with the proud consciousness that it has become the description and history of his own work."

THE LAST YEARS AT SOMERSBY.

Friendship of Tennyson and Hallam.

In March, 1831, Alfred Tennyson left Cambridge on account of his father's death. In his poem "To J. S." he refers to this sad event:

> "Alas!
> In grief I am not all unlearn'd:
> Once thro' mine own doors Death did pass;
> One went, who never hath return'd.
>
> He will not smile—not speak to me
> Once more. Two years his chair is seen
> Empty before us. That was he
> Without whose life I had not been."

After Dr. Tennyson's death Mrs. Tennyson rented the rectory house from her husband's successor and continued to reside there till the autumn of 1835.

These last years at Somersby were the years when the immortal friendship between Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Henry Hallam reached its full maturity. Begun in 1829 at Cambridge, this friendship endured until the fatal autumn of 1833. These four happy years are thus described in "In Memoriam:"

"The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts which pleased us well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:

And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And, crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walk'd began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man."

Many a time during these four years did Arthur Hallam visit Somersby. He took his degree at Cambridge in 1832 and at once entered as a student at one of the Inns of Court. The following lines from "In Memoriam," referring to the Somersby garden, commemorate Hallam's frequent visits to his friend, more especially, it would seem, his last visit in 1833:

"How often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town:

He brought an eye for all he saw;
He mix'd in all our simple sports;
This pleased him, fresh from brawling courts,
And dusty purlieus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat,
Immantled in ambrosial dark,
To drink the cooler air, and mark
The landscape winking thro' the heat:

O sound to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears!"

In the autumn of 1833 Arthur Hallam accompanied his father, the distinguished historian, on a Continental tour. On September 15th at Vienna, in the 23rd year of his age, he was snatched away by sudden death, caused by a rush of blood to the head. His remains were transported to England and interred in a vault of the church of Clevedon in Somerset. Thus was cut short the promising career of "one of the purest spirits and brightest intelligences that ever visited this earth," and thus abruptly terminated the earthly friendship that brought into being the noblest memorial epitaph in the whole range of the world's literature. This friendship was of untold sweetness to Tennyson when his beloved Hallam was in the flesh, and of untold value to the bereaved poet were the sacred memories that chastened his spirit through those "thrice three years" during which his poet's voice was silent.

The Arthur Henry Hallam of "In Memoriam" has been but little idealized. His was a wonderful disposition and a wonderful intellect. His father said of him that "he seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world." Dean Alford, who knew him well, once described him thus: "His was such a lovely nature that life seemed to have nothing more to teach him."

FARRINGFORD.

Although it is to Somersby that literary tourists will flock in the coming years, much of interest will also attach to Farringford in the Isle of Wight, the present home of

the Poet Laureate. This domain was purchased by Tennyson in 1852, and there he has spent most of his time since that date. The house, it is said, is singularly attractive, being clothed with creeping plants from roof-tree to foundation. It is surrounded by a delightful garden and a well-wooded park. In a poetical epistle to his friend Maurice the poet has thus described his home:

"Where far from noise and smoke of town
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless-ordered garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine.

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand,
And further on, the hoary channel
Tumbles a billow on cliff and sand."

TENNYSON LAND.

(From "Over The Sea.")

My last few days in England were devoted mainly to a single object. I had visited the homes and haunts of three departed poets,—of Burns, of Scott, and of Shakespeare. To a living bard, the greatest of the present century, if not the sweetest singer of all times, I directed my attention for three short days, as a fitting conclusion of my happy summer rambles.

My visit to the land of Tennyson was in many respects my most delightful experience in Britain. It was a sort

of exploration. Of this region the guide-books tell you not a word, and hither the great army of tourists has not yet begun to march. In visiting the other three centres of literary interest my enjoyment had often been lessened and my reflections had often been deadened by blatant voices and vulgar comments. On this three days' jaunt through Tennyson Land not one tourist crossed my path, and only twice did I hear the great name uttered. This interesting district, through all its woods and hills and streams and fields, its lonely roads and rustic hamlets, its windy beaches and prospects of blue sea, will be invaded, before this century ends, by pilgrims from many lands. I owe it to the interesting book of Mr. Walters, published at the beginning of the present year, that I enjoyed the rare privilege of viewing these poetic haunts in the life-time of the poet, and before the traces of the poet's foot-steps have been profaned by the noisy multitude. It was this volume on the Land of Tennyson that kindled my interest in Lincolnshire scenes and turned my gaze in that direction. This book was my *vade-mecum* during my three days' excursion, and to it I shall have recourse more than once in the writing of these closing papers.

Lincoln.—Leaving Cambridge on Saturday, the 9th of August, I proceeded by way of Ely to Lincoln. As the train drew near the ancient city the triple-towered cathedral loomed up in massive boldness. This cathedral, one of the very finest in England, crowns the summit of a steep hill and overlooks the straggling, narrow streets. My wearisome ascent of the long, crooked street that leads to the cathedral was rewarded by an architectural view more impressive than any I had ever before seen. If the exterior of the magnificent church is grand beyond descrip-

tion, what shall I say of the wonders and the mysteries of the awful interior? Neither pen-sketch nor picture can produce a tithe of the reverence and awe that seize the beholder on entering this majestic temple. Lincoln cathedral was probably the first church of note that Tennyson ever saw, and thus did the sight fire his poetic impulses:

"Give me to wander at midnight alone,
Through some august cathedral, where, from high,
The clear cold moon on the mosaic stone
Comes glancing in gay colors gloriously,
Through windows rich with glorious blazonry,
Gilding the niches dim, where, side by side,
Stand antique mitred prelates, whose bones lie
Beneath the pavement, where their deeds of pride
Were graven, but long since are worn away
By constant feet of ages day by day."

Lincoln has many other attractions besides its fine cathedral, but I neglected them all to prosecute my special pursuit. I have now brought my readers to the outskirts of Tennyson Land. Let us enter the interesting region.

Louth.—Louth is a small town between Lincoln and the sea. When Tennyson was a boy the Grammar School at Louth was the principal educational institution in the county, and at this school in turn seven sons of Dr. Tennyson, Rector of Somersby, were pupils,—Frederick, Charles, Alfred, Edward, Horatio, Arthur, and Septimus. Alfred entered the school at Christmas, 1816, and remained for four years. The precocity of the young poet was remarkable, as he had completed the Grammar School course at the early age of eleven. The old Grammar School was torn down in 1869, and nothing remains about the new building to remind you of the past except a battered relic placed in the porch,—a begrimed old statue of King Edward VI., who is said to have founded the school.

Little is known of Tennyson's life in Louth. Only one of his school-fellows survives, and he reports that Alfred and Charles were inseparable companions but decidedly exclusive with respect to the other pupils. The boys were grave beyond their years, but not otherwise remarkable.

The visitor to Louth cannot fail to admire the beautiful church where the Rev. Stephen Fytche, the father of Tennyson's mother, was vicar for many years. He died in 1799, and he and his wife are buried in the churchyard.

Another place I visited in Louth besides the Grammar School and the church. Opposite School House Lane is situated Westgate Place, where Mrs. Tennyson lived in order to be near her sons while they were attending the Grammar School. This neat old house will always be noted as one of the early homes of Tennyson. Here he lived four years while attending school near by. Here later on he often spent weeks and perhaps months visiting his younger brothers. Here without a doubt his poetic emotions first took shape in juvenile verse. As I walked down the narrow stone-paved alley adjoining Westgate Place, and stood on the bridge that crossed the tiny river Lud, and looked to the church just over the way, I thought of the noble-featured lad who had many a time and oft stood on that very spot, his young heart throbbing with glorious dreams of literary fame.

Mablethorpe.—Where is Mablethorpe? And what gives it fame? It is a seaside hamlet west of Louth, but as regards fame its star has not yet risen. It is a place scarcely known out of Lincolnshire, and even the inhabitants of the little village, with a few exceptions, do not dream that within fifty years pilgrimages will be made to this sequestered spot by students of literature from every land.

It was at Mablethorpe that young Tennyson obtained his first view of the sea. Here are "the sandy tracts, and the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts" that we read of in "Locksley Hall." Here about the beach the poet wandered "nourishing a youth sublime with the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time." In Mablethorpe sixty years ago the Tennyson family were accustomed to spend the summer months, and all the sea-pictures that abound in the early poems of Tennyson take their form and color from this Lincolnshire coast.

I reached Mablethorpe, by train from Louth, at seven o'clock on Saturday night, and found quarters for the Sunday at an inn bearing the odd name of "Book-in-Hand." Perhaps the name was given in anticipation of my visit, for whenever I left the hotel I carried in my hand the white-and-gilt manual already mentioned. After supper I roamed on the beautiful and spacious beach for over two hours. As far as the eye could see in both directions stretched the wide belt of sand. The tide was going out and a few children were toying with the receding waters and picking up the pale pink shells and rushing in glad abandon hither and thither, the evening breezes playing with their dishevelled hair. How Tennyson loved to wander along this free strand in the rare days of youth's sweet dreams! How many varying aspects of these Norland waters, in calm and in storm, under the bright flash of day or beneath the shimmering moonlight, has he seen with the clear eyes of the rapt worshipper of Nature and drawn with the delicate pencil of unrivalled genius!

Sunday, August 10th, was a day of cloud and wind and rain, but I was glad to have it so, as there had been a monotony of fair weather for three full weeks. Although

the sky lowered ominously I set out after breakfast to walk along the beach to Sutton-on-the-Sea,—a summer resort about three miles south of Mablethorpe. An hour brought me to my destination, but as the tide had turned and a thick mist was sweeping up, I thought it prudent to retrace my steps. My prudence proved to be imprudence. I had not gone a mile before the situation became alarmingly interesting. The North-easter roared along the sea-caves. The sea-foam flew far landward over dune and wold. The tide plunged and roared in its shoreward march. I was driven for shelter behind "the heaped hills that mound the sea." The thick grey mist turned imperceptibly to rain. My umbrella was of no service in the fierce wind. I fled for refuge into one of Nature's inns until the sudden tempest had spent its fury. Shortly after noon I reached my hotel, not much the worse for my exhilarating adventure. I shall hereafter appreciate Tennyson's numerous references to such storms,—

> "When to land
> Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way,
> Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
> Torn from the fringe of spray."

On Sunday afternoon from the window of my room I saw in the distance a pretty white house which seemed to be the very one that shone in gilt on the cover of my Tennyson manual. After making my way to the quaint old cottage and questioning a ruddy Lincolnshire lass who stood at the door, I found that my identification was correct. I saw before me the "lowly cottage" referred to by the poet in his "Ode to Memory"—

> "Whence we see
> Stretched wide and wild the waste enormous marsh,
> Where from the frequent bridge,
> Like emblems of infinity,
> The trenched waters run from sky to sky."

Leaving the curious, long, low-roofed house where were composed many of the Poet Laureate's finest verses of sea and shore, and crossing "the trenched waters" by a tiny bridge, I wandered over the moist beach and the rugged dunes till again driven in by mist and rain.

All readers of Tennyson know that many of his later poems are tinged with gloomy hues. The glories and the wonders of the world in which he spent his youth and early manhood have taken to themselves wings, and nature now is bleak and bare. No longer does he see bright visions and hear wondrous voices, but what he sees and hears is as it is. This difference is nowhere more clearly marked than in these lines descriptive of two contrasted views of the old beach at Mablethorpe:

> "Here often, when a child, I lay reclined,
> I took delight in this locality,
> Here stood the infant Ilion of the mind,
> And here the Grecian ships did seem to be,
> And here again I come and only find
> The drain-cut levels of the marshy lea—
> Gray sandbanks and pale sunsets,—dreary wind,
> Dim shores, dense rains, and heavy-clouded sea!"

In this last paper I shall give a brief account of my visit to the birthplace of the Poet Laureate. I need not recount my difficulties in discovering the whereabouts of Somersby and the mode of access to it. I need not tell how near I came to visiting by mistake a place called Somerby, a village some leagues away from the one I was seeking. As quickly as may be I shall take my readers to the little parish among the wolds which Tennyson has made immortal,—

> "The well-beloved place
> Where first he gazed upon the sky."

Horncastle.—From Mablethorpe I returned to Lincoln on August 11th, and thence took train for Horncastle, a market town "in the circle of the hills" about 20 miles east. On my arrival in Horncastle I found the place crowded with visitors, and I was greeted with stares and smiles when I acknowledged that I had never heard of the famous Horncastle horse-fair, the largest in Lincolnshire, and at one time the largest in Britain. I soon found, to my cost, that the fair had drawn many dealers from long distances, for the accommodation of every hotel in the town was taxed to the utmost limit, and I was obliged to ask the genial proprietor of "The Bull" to secure me lodgings in a private house.

Horncastle is only two leagues distant from Tennyson's early home, and it was the market-town to which some members of the Tennyson family frequently came to replenish the domestic larder. Many a time, in the early years of the century, did young Tennyson walk from his home to Horncastle, and it would be impossible even for himself to tell how largely these walks, solitary or not, have affected the thought and tinged the complexion of his poetic descriptions of natural scenery.

In another very real way Horncastle has touched the life of Tennyson. After he had become the most noted poet in Britain—in the very year, in fact, in which he was appointed as Poet Laureate—at the age of forty-one, he married Emily Sellwood, the daughter of a Horncastle lawyer, and the niece of Sir John Franklin (born at the neighboring village of Spilsby). Emily Sellwood, now Lady Tennyson, has had her memory embalmed in more than one of her husband's poems. She is the "Edith" of "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." To her he

wrote from Edinburgh the poem, "The Daisy," beginning

> "O Love, what hours were thine and mine,
> In lands of palm and southern pine."

She is also honored in that sweet dedication :

> "Dear, near, and true,—no truer Time himself
> Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore
> Dearer and nearer."

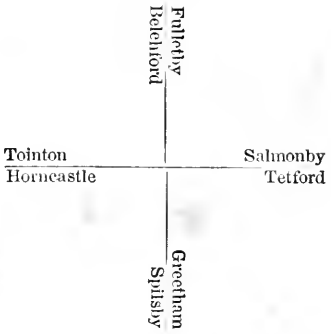
Somersby.—Tuesday, August 12th, was to me a day of exquisite enjoyment. I set out alone in the morning from Horncastle to make my way on foot to Somersby, Tennyson's birthplace, six miles north-east. In the early part of my walk I met many farmers bringing in their fine-looking horses to be sold to foreign buyers and carried to all parts of England and the continent. I caught many a phrase from the passers-by that reminded me of the quaint dialect of "The Northern Farmer." These farmers were all, I take it, animated by the spirit of the farmer of the poem :

> "Dosn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters awaay ?
> Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears 'em saay."

Of all the passengers on the Horncastle road that day I alone was intent, not on the value of horses, but on the charms of poetry and of poetic associations.

The road to Somersby is extremely rural;—rural in a thoroughly English sense. It winds and turns and twists between the bordering hawthorn hedges,—some trim and neat, some wild and shaggy. At every bend of the road the landscape varies. Here a cosy cottage; there a picturesque windmill; here a wide stretch of pasture covered with thick-fleeced sheep; there a distant hill wrapt in blue-gray mist; here a group of laborers cutting the ripe corn; there a quiet woodland slope where grow the poet's trees in rich variety, the ash, the elm, the lime, the oak.

The many curves and turns in the road make it very difficult for a stranger to keep the right course. The finger-posts to be seen at every corner and cross-way are indispensable. I was forcibly struck with the fact that Somersby is a very insignificant place when at one cross-way I found the finger-boards filled with names, but could find no Somersby there. In my perplexity I sat down and copied out the curious names on the boards which pointed in four directions:



I decided to follow the Tetford road which after a little distance bent almost backwards towards Horncastle, but which ultimately proved to be the right route for Somersby.

What a silent land I found as I approached the end of my journey! In the last three miles I saw only two persons. The only creatures in sight were hundreds on hundreds of sheep and cattle.

Now Somersby is near at hand. The road turns down a steep incline and passes through a shady arbor. The branches of the trees that skirt the narrow way meet overhead and cast their tremulous shadows at your feet.

All is quiet but the faint rustling of the leaves, or the distant clamor of the daws and rooks. You feel that you have reached an actual lotus-land—an enchanted realm. No longer does it seem strange that Tennyson composed while walking along this Lincolnshire road the loveliest of his sea-lyrics, "Break, break, break."

But it is no surge of the sea that is now heard in the distance. There is no mistaking that musical tinkling. Yonder is the bridge under which flows the brook with its haunting song of rippling waters that "come from haunts of coot and hern." The witchery of the brook's refrain, I hear it still:

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

There is not such another brook in the world as "Somersby Beck." Had it not found its way into the poetry of words its inimitable voice would still arrest the attention of the traveller, but the magic melody of the poet's words

have hallowed the sweet beck and heightened its attractiveness, and though men may come and men may go the melodious brook will go on for ever singing through the sweet meadows of the poet's song. I am afraid to tell how long I sat on the grassy bank listening to the wonderful music of the gleeful rivulet. Nor will I own how often since that August day I have come under the irresistible spell of the brook.

Almost within sound of the brook is the hamlet of Somersby, inhabited by two-score simple old-world people. And yonder on the right is the pretty white house where the Poet Laureate was born. It is a curious tile-covered house cosily situated in an ideal environment. It nestles among the trees, and before it is a beautiful lawn separated from the public road by the holly hedge planted by Dr. Tennyson when the poet was a child. The house was the Rectory of the parish for nearly a hundred years, but the present rector, Rev. John Soper, has deserted the historic house and dwells in the neighboring parish.

And this is the house where Tennyson spent his youthful prime and where he composed many of his chief works. As "In Memoriam" is the record of a soul-struggle fought out on this very ground, we may expect to find in that poem many local references. To this place often came Arthur Hallam "from brawling courts and dusty purlieus of the law" to drink the cooler air and mark "the landscape winking through the heat." Here often he joined the rector's happy family "in dance and song and game and jest." To this place was brought the cruel news of Hallam's death which felled the poet's sister in a swoon and turned her orange-flowers to cypress. Here for many gloomy years the broken-hearted poet plied the "sad me-

chanic exercise" of writing verse to soothe his restless heart and brain.

Adjoining the birthplace of the poet, and partitioned from it by a row of trees is "The Moated Grange," with which all readers of Tennyson have become familiar in the sad lyric of "Mariana." It is a desolate looking place and a fit abode for the forlorn maiden who cried in her despair:

> "I am aweary, aweary,
> I would that I were dead."

The Grange is interesting because of its connection with another of Tennyson's poems. The old house is the reputed residence of John Baumber, the Northern Farmer. In the country churchyard opposite I read the names of many Baumbers, that being the commonest name on the tombstones.

The only other structure of interest in Somersby is the little church of which Tennyson's father was rector for many years. It is very small and very old. To the right of the porch is an ancient cross of the 14th century, bearing figures of the Virgin and the Crucifixion. Over the porch is a dial with the motto, "Time passeth," and the date 1751. The interior of the church is uninviting. The rough pews would seat about forty worshippers; the pulpit in the corner is small and mean; the windows that pierce the walls at irregular distances have been made at various times and are of different shapes and sizes. The "cold baptismal font" in the rear calls up such dismal memories of the past that the visitor is glad to escape from the clammy, sickly air.

In a conspicuous place in front of the church is seen the tombstone erected over the grave of Dr. Tennyson. The epitaph runs as follows:

TO THE MEMORY
OF
THE REV. GEO. CLAYTON TENNYSON, LL.D.,
ELDEST SON OF GEORGE TENNYSON, ESQ.,
RECTOR OF THIS PARISH,
WHO
DEPARTED THIS LIFE
ON THE
16TH DAY OF MARCH, 1831,
AGED 52 YEARS.

When, a few years after the father's death, the Tennysons departed from Somersby "to live within the stranger's land" we hear a minor chord in the great memorial elegy sounding thus:

"Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows:
There in due time the woodbine blows,
The violet comes but we are gone."

About a furlong beyond Somersby Church is one of the prettiest spots this dull old earth can show,—"Holywell Glen":

"Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep."

It is a wild romantic spot,—the favorite haunt, we may be sure, of the poet's boyhood. Trees of many kinds—larch and spruce and ash and beech and sycamore—clothe the steep sides of a natural terrace that slopes down to the bottom of a gorge through which flows a limpid stream. This beautiful glen takes its name from a natural well over which the stream courses. Long years ago, it is said, visitors came from far and near to taste of this "holy well" and to enjoy its healing virtues. If the

water of this well has no supernatural merits, I can at least attest its superior quality, taking a draught of it, as I did, in my extremity of thirst on a warm August afternoon.

I had always clung to the ancient saying that poets are born, not made. My views are somewhat altered since I have seen the glories of Holywell Glen and all the enchantments of rustic Somersby. Here, if anywhere, nature could inspire the most sluggish spirit and put some music into the tamest heart.

But I must leave this rustic nook and this quiet hamlet. As I leave Somersby behind and climb the hill on the road to Horncastle I recall those sad stanzas of "In Memoriam" in which Tennyson gives voice to his regret at leaving forever the home and the haunts of his young days:

"I climb the hill: from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend.

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
Or low morass and whispering reed,
Or simple stile from mead to mead,
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold;

Nor heavy knoll of ash and haw
That hears the latest linnet trill,
Nor quarry trenched along the hill,
And haunted by the wrangling daw;

Nor runlet trickling from the rock;
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
To left and right thro' meadowy curves,
That feed the mothers of the flock;

But each has pleased a kindred eye,
And each reflects a kindlier day;
And, leaving these, to pass away,
I think once more he seems to die."

GERAINT AND ENID.

O PURBLIND race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true;
Here, thro' the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!

.

So fared it with Geraint, who issuing forth
That morning, when they both had got to horse,
Perhaps because he loved her passionately,
And felt that tempest brooding round his heart,
Which, if he spoke at all, would break perforce

Upon a head so dear in thunder, said:
'Not at my side. I charge thee ride before,
Ever a good way on before; and this
I charge thee, on thy duty as a wife,
Whatever happens, not to speak to me,
No, not a word!' and Enid was aghast;
And forth they rode, but scarce three paces on,
When crying out, 'Effeminate as I am,
I will not fight my way with gilded arms,
All shall be iron;' he loosed a mighty purse,
Hung at his belt, and hurl'd it toward the squire
So the last sight that Enid had of home
Was all the marble threshold flashing, strown
With gold and scatter'd coinage, and the squire
Chafing his shoulder: then he cried again,
'To the wilds!' and Enid leading down the tracks
Thro' which he bad her lead him on, they past
The marches, and by bandit-haunted holds,
Gray swamps and pools, waste places of the hern,
And wildernesses, perilous paths, they rode:
Round was their pace at first, but slacken'd soon:
A stranger meeting them had surely thought
They rode so slowly and they look'd so pale,
That each had suffer'd some exceeding wrong.
For he was ever saying to himself,
'O I that wasted time to tend upon her,

To compass her with sweet observances,
To dress her beautifully and keep her true'—
And there he broke the sentence in his heart
Abruptly, as a man upon his tongue
May break it, when his passion masters him.
And she was ever praying the sweet heavens
To save her dear lord whole from any wound.
And ever in her mind she cast about
For that unnoticed failing in herself,
Which made him look so cloudy and so cold;
Till the great plover's human whistle amazed
Her heart, and glancing round the waste she fear'd
In every wavering brake an ambuscade.
Then thought again, 'If there be such in me,
I might amend it by the grace of Heaven,
If he would only speak and tell me of it.'

But when the fourth part of the day was gone,
Then Enid was aware of three tall knights
On horseback, wholly arm'd, behind a rock
In shadow, waiting for them, caitiffs all;
And heard one crying to his fellow, 'Look,
Here comes a laggard hanging down his head,
Who seems no bolder than a beaten hound;
Come, we will slay him and will have his horse
And armour, and his damsel shall be ours.'

Then Enid ponder'd in her heart, and said:
'I will go back a little to my lord,
And I will tell him all their caitiff talk;
For, be he wroth even to slaying me,
Far liefer by his dear hand had I die,
Than that my lord should suffer loss or shame.'

Then she went back some paces of return,
Met his full frown timidly firm, and said;
'My lord, I saw three bandits by the rock
Waiting to fall on you, and heard them boast
That they would slay you, and possess your horse
And armour, and your damsel should be theirs.'

He made a wrathful answer: 'Did I wish
Your warning or your silence? one command
I laid upon you, not to speak to me,
And thus ye keep it! Well then, look—for now,
Whether ye wish me victory or defeat,
Long for my life, or hunger for my death,
Yourself shall see my vigour is not lost.'

Then Enid waited pale and sorrowful,
And down upon him bare the bandit three.
And at the midmost charging, Prince Geraint
Drave the long spear a cubit thro' his breast
And out beyond; and then against his brace

Of comrades, each of whom had broken on him
A lance that splinter'd like an icicle,
Swung from his brand a windy buffet out
Once, twice, to right, to left, and stunn'd the twain
Or slew them, and dismounting like a man
That skins the wild beast after slaying him,
Stript from the three dead wolves of woman born
The three gay suits of armour which they wore,
And let the bodies lie, but bound the suits
Of armour on their horses, each on each,
And tied the bridle-reins of all the three
Together, and said to her, 'Drive them on
Before you;' and she drove them thro' the waste.

He follow'd nearer: ruth began to work
Against his anger in him, while he watch'd
The being he loved best in all the world,
With difficulty in mild obedience
Driving them on: he fain had spoken to her,
And loosed in words of sudden fire the wrath
And smoulder'd wrong that burnt him all within;
But evermore it seem'd an easier thing
At once without remorse to strike her dead,
Than to cry 'Halt,' and to her own bright face
Accuse her of the least immodesty:
And thus tongue-tied, it made him wroth the more

That she *could* speak whom his own ear had heard
Call herself false: and suffering thus he made
Minutes an age: but in scarce longer time
Than at Caerleon the full-tided Usk,
Before he turn to fall seaward again,
Pauses, did Enid, keeping watch, behold
In the first shallow shade of a deep wood,
Before a gloom of stubborn-shafted oaks,
Three other horsemen waiting, wholly arm'd,
Whereof one seem'd far larger than her lord,
And shook her pulses, crying, 'Look, a prize!
Three horses and three goodly suits of arms,
And all in charge of whom? a girl: set on.'
'Nay,' said the second, 'yonder comes a knight.'
The third, 'A craven; how he hangs his head.'
The giant answer'd merrily, 'Yea, but one?
Wait here, and when he passes fall upon him.'

And Enid ponder'd in her heart and said,
'I will abide the coming of my lord,
And I will tell him all their villainy.
My lord is weary with the fight before,
And they will fall upon him unawares.
I needs must disobey him for his good;
How should I dare obey him to his harm?
Needs must I speak, and tho' he kill me for it,
I save a life dearer to me than mine.'

And she abode his coming, and said to him
With timid firmness, 'Have I leave to speak?'
He said, 'Ye take it, speaking,' and she spoke.

'There lurk three villains yonder in the wood,
And each of them is wholly arm'd, and one
Is larger-limb'd than you are, and they say
That they will fall upon you while ye pass.'

To which he flung a wrathful answer back:
'And if there were an hundred in the wood,
And every man were larger-limb'd than I,
And all at once should sally out upon me,
I swear it would not ruffle me so much
As you that not obey me. Stand aside,
And if I fall, cleave to the better man.'

And Enid stood aside to wait the event,
Not dare to watch the combat, only breathe
Short fits of prayer, at every stroke a breath.
And he, she dreaded most, bare down upon him.
Aim'd at the helm, his lance err'd; but Geraint's,
A little in the late encounter strain'd,
Struck thro' the bulky bandit's corselet home,
And then brake short, and down his enemy roll'd,
And there lay still; as he that tells the tale
Saw once a great piece of a promontory,

That had a sapling growing on it, slide
From the long shore-cliff's windy walls to the beach,
And there lie still, and yet the sapling grew:
So lay the man transfixt. His craven pair
Of comrades making slowlier at the Prince,
When now they saw their bulwark fallen, stood;
On whom the victor, to confound them more,
Spurr'd with his terrible war-cry; for as one,
That listens near a torrent mountain-brook,
All thro' the crash of the near cataract hears
The drumming thunder of the huger fall
At distance, were the soldiers wont to hear
His voice in battle, and be kindled by it,
And foemen scared, like that false pair who turn'd
Flying, but, overtaken, died the death
Themselves had wrought on many an innocent.

Thereon Geraint, dismounting, pick'd the lance
That pleased him best, and drew from those dead wolves
Their three gay suits of armour, each from each,
And bound them on their horses, each on each,
And tied the bridle-reins of all the three
Together, and said to her, 'Drive them on
Before you,' and she drove them thro' the wood.

He follow'd nearer still: the pain she had

To keep them in the wild ways of the wood,
Two sets of three laden with jingling arms,
Together, served a little to disedge
The sharpness of that pain about her heart:
And they themselves, like creatures gently born
But into bad hands fall'n, and now so long
By bandits groom'd, prick'd their light ears, and felt
Her low firm voice and tender government.

So thro' the green gloom of the wood they past,
And issuing under open heavens beheld
A little town with towers, upon a rock,
And close beneath, a meadow gemlike chased
In the brown wild, and mowers mowing in it:
And down a rocky pathway from the place
There came a fair-hair'd youth, that in his hand
Bare victual for the mowers: and Geraint
Had ruth again on Enid looking pale:
Then, moving downward to the meadow ground,
He, when the fair-hair'd youth came by him, said,
'Friend, let her eat; the damsel is so faint.'
'Yea, willingly,' replied the youth; 'and thou,
My lord, eat also, tho' the fare is coarse,
And only meet for mowers;' then set down
His basket, and dismounting on the sward
They let the horses graze, and ate themselves.

And Enid took a little delicately,
Less having stomach for it than desire
To close with her lord's pleasure; but Geraint
Ate all the mowers' victual unawares,
And when he found all empty, was amazed;
And 'Boy,' said he, 'I have eaten all, but take
A horse and arms for guerdon; choose the best.'
He, reddening in extremity of delight,
'My lord, you overpay me fifty-fold.'
'Ye will be all the wealthier,' cried the Prince.
'I take it as free gift, then,' said the boy,
'Not guerdon; for myself can easily,
While your good damsel rests, return, and fetch
Fresh victual for these mowers of our Earl;
For these are his, and all the field is his,
And I myself am his; and I will tell him
How great a man thou art: he loves to know
When men of mark are in his territory:
And he will have thee to his palace here,
And serve thee costlier than with mowers' fare.'

Then said Geraint, 'I wish no better fare:
I never ate with angrier appetite
Than when I left your mowers dinnerless.
And into no Earl's palace will I go.
I know, God knows, too much of palaces!
And if he want me, let him come to me.

But hire us some fair chamber for the night,
And stalling for the horses, and return
With victual for these men, and let us know.'

'Yea, my kind lord,' said the glad youth, and went,
Held his head high, and thought himself a knight,
And up the rocky pathway disappear'd,
Leading the horse, and they were left alone.

But when the Prince had brought his errant eyes
Home from the rock, sideways he let them glance
At Enid, where she droopt: his own false doom,
That shadow of mistrust should never cross
Betwixt them, came upon him, and he sigh'd;
Then with another humorous ruth remark'd
The lusty mowers labouring dinnerless,
And watch'd the sun blaze on the turning scythe,
And after nodded sleepily in the heat.
But she, remembering her old ruin'd hall,
And all the windy clamour of the daws
About her hollow turret, pluck'd the grass
There growing longest by the meadow's edge,
And into many a listless annulet,
Now over, now beneath her marriage ring,
Wove and unwove it, till the boy return'd
And told them of a chamber, and they went;
Where, after saying to her, 'If ye will,

Call for the woman of the house,' to which
She answer'd, 'Thanks, my lord;' the two remain'd
Apart by all the chamber's width, and mute
As creatures voiceless thro' the fault of birth,
Or two wild men supporters of a shield,
Painted, who stare at open space, nor glance
The one at other, parted by the shield.

On a sudden, many a voice along the street,
And heel against the pavement echoing, burst
Their drowse; and either started while the door,
Push'd from without, drave backward to the wall,
And midmost of a rout of roisterers,
Femininely fair and dissolutely pale,
Her suitor in old years before Geraint,
Enter'd, the wild lord of the place, Limours.
He moving up with pliant courtliness,
Greeted Geraint full face, but stealthily,
In the mid-warmth of welcome and grasp't hand,
Found Enid with the corner of his eye,
And knew her sitting sad and solitary.
Then cried Geraint for wine and goodly cheer
To feed the sudden guest, and sumptuously
According to his fashion, bad the host
Call in what men soever were his friends,
And feast with these in honour of their Earl;
'And care not for the cost; the cost is mine.'

And wine and food were brought, and Earl Limours
Drank till he jested with all ease, and told
Free tales, and took the word and play'd upon it,
And made it of two colours; for his talk,
When wine and free companions kindled him,
Was wont to glance and sparkle like a gem
Of fifty facets; thus he moved the Prince
To laughter and his comrades to applause.
Then, when the Prince was merry, ask'd Limours,
'Your leave, my lord, to cross the room, and speak
To your good damsel there who sits apart,
And seems so lonely?' 'My free leave,' he said;
'Get her to speak: she doth not speak to me.'
Then rose Limours, and looking at his feet,
Like him who tries the bridge he fears may fail,
Crost and came near, lifted adoring eyes,
Bow'd at her side and utter'd whisperingly:

'Enid, the pilot star of my lone life,
Enid, my early and my only love,
Enid, the loss of whom hath turn'd me wild—
What chance is this? how is it I see you here?
Ye are in my power at last, are in my power.
Yet fear me not: I call mine own self wild,
But keep a touch of sweet civility
Here in the heart of waste and wilderness.
I thought, but that your father came between,

In former days you saw me favourably.
And if it were so do not keep it back:
Make me a little happier: let me know it:
Owe you me nothing for a life half-lost?
Yea, yea, the whole dear debt of all you are.
And, Enid, you and he, I see with joy,
Ye sit apart, you do not speak to him,
You come with no attendance, page or maid,
To serve you—doth he love you as of old?
For, call it lovers' quarrels, yet I know
Tho' men may bicker with the things they love,
They would not make them laughable in all eyes,
Not while they loved them; and your wretched dress,
A wretched insult on you, dumbly speaks
Your story, that this man loves you no more.
Your beauty is no beauty to him now:
A common chance—right well I know it—pall'd—
For I know men: nor will ye win him back,
For the man's love once gone never returns.
But here is one who loves you as of old;
With more exceeding passion than of old:
Good, speak the word: my followers ring him round:
He sits unarm'd; I hold a finger up;
They understand: nay; I do not mean blood:
Nor need ye look so scared at what I say:
My malice is no deeper than a moat,

No stronger than a wall: there is the keep;
He shall not cross us more; speak but the word:
Or speak it not; but then by Him that made me
The one true lover whom you ever own'd,
I will make use of all the power I have.
O pardon me! the madness of that hour,
When first I parted from thee, moves me yet.'

At this the tender sound of his own voice
And sweet self-pity, or the fancy of it,
Made his eye moist; but Enid fear'd his eyes,
Moist as they were, wine-heated from the feast;
And answer'd with such craft as women use,
Guilty or guiltless, to stave off a chance
That breaks upon them perilously, and said:

'Earl, if you love me as in former years,
And do not practise on me, come with morn,
And snatch me from him as by violence;
Leave me to-night: I am weary to the death.'

Low at leave-taking, with his brandish'd plume
Brushing his instep, bow'd the all-amorous Earl,
And the stout Prince bad him a loud good-night.
He moving homeward babbled to his men,
How Enid never loved a man but him,
Nor cared ~~a broken egg-shell~~ for her lord.

But Enid left alone with Prince Geraint,
Debating his command of silence given,
And that she now perforce must violate it,
Held commune with herself, and while she held
He fell asleep, and Enid had no heart
To wake him, but hung o'er him, wholly pleased
To find him yet unwounded after fight,
And hear him breathing low and equally.
Anon she rose, and stepping lightly, heap'd
The pieces of his armour in one place,
All to be there against a sudden need;
Then dozed awhile herself, but overtoil'd
By that day's grief and travel, evermore
Seem'd catching at a rootless thorn, and then
Went slipping down horrible precipices,
And strongly striking out her limbs awoke;
Then thought she heard the wild Earl at the door,
With all his rout of random followers,
Sound on a dreadful trumpet, summoning her;
Which was the red cock shouting to the light,
As the gray dawn stole o'er the dewy world,
And glimmer'd on his armour in the room.
And once again she rose to look at it,
But touch'd it unawares: jangling, the casque
Fell, and he started up and stared at her.
Then breaking his command of silence given,
She told him all that Earl Limours had said,

Except the passage that he loved her not;
Nor left untold the craft herself had used;
But ended with apology so sweet,
Low-spoken, and of so few words, and seem'd
So justified by that necessity,
That tho' he thought 'was it for him she wept
In Devon?' he but gave a wrathful groan,
Saying, 'Your sweet faces make good fellows fools
And traitors. Call the host and bid him bring
Charger and palfrey.' So she glided out
Among the heavy breathings of the house,
And like a household Spirit at the walls
Beat, till she woke the sleepers, and return'd:
Then tending her rough lord, tho' all unask'd,
In silence, did him service as a squire;
Till issuing arm'd he found the host and cried,
'Thy reckoning, friend?' and ere he learnt it,
'Take
Five horses and their armours;' and the host
Suddenly honest, answer'd in amaze,
'My lord, I scarce have spent the worth of one!'
'Ye will be all the wealthier,' said the Prince,
And then to Enid, 'Forward! and to-day
I charge you, Enid, more especially,
What thing soever ye may hear, or see,
Or fancy (tho' I count it of small use
To charge you) that ye speak not but obey.'

And Enid answer'd, 'Yea, my lord, I know
Your wish, and would obey; but riding first,
I hear the violent threats you do not hear,
I see the danger which you cannot see:
Then not to give you warning, that seems hard;
Almost beyond me: yet I would obey.'

'Yea so,' said he, 'do it: be not too wise;
Seeing that ye are wedded to a man,
Not all mismated with a yawning clown,
But one with arms to guard his head and yours,
With eyes to find you out however far,
And ears to hear you even in his dreams.'

With that he turn'd and look'd as keenly at her
As careful robins eye the delver's toil;
And that within her, which a wanton fool,
Or hasty judger would have call'd her guilt,
Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall.
And Geraint look'd and was not satisfied.

Then forward by a way which, beaten broad,
Led from the territory of false Limours
To the waste earldom of another earl,
Doorm, whom his shaking vassals call'd the Bull,
Went Enid with her sullen follower on.
Once she look'd back, and when she saw him ride

More near by many a rood than yestermorn,
It wellnigh made her cheerful; till Geraint
Waving an angry hand as who should say
'Ye watch me,' sadden'd all her heart again.
But while the sun yet beat a dewy blade,
The sound of many a heavily-galloping hoof
Smote on her ear, and turning round she saw
Dust, and the points of lances bicker in it.
Then not to disobey her lord's behest,
And yet to give him warning, for he rode
As if he heard not, moving back she held
Her finger up, and pointed to the dust.
At which the warrior in his obstinacy,
Because she kept the letter of his word,
Was in a manner pleased, and turning, stood.
And in the moment after, wild Limours,
Borne on a black horse, like a thunder-cloud
Whose skirts are loosen'd by the breaking storm,
Half ridden off with by the thing he rode,
And all in passion uttering a dry shriek,
Dash'd on Geraint, who closed with him, and bore
Down by the length of lance and arm beyond
The crupper, and so left him stunn'd or dead,
And overthrew the next that follow'd him,
And blindly rush'd on all the rout behind.
But at the flash and motion of the man

They vanish'd panic-stricken, like a shoal
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,
But if a man who stands upon the brink
But lift a shining hand against the sun,
There is not left the twinkle of a fin
Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower;
So, scared but at the motion of the man,
Fled all the boon companions of the Earl,
And left him lying in the public way;
So vanish friendships only made in wine.

Then like a stormy sunlight smiled Geraint,
Who saw the chargers of the two that fell
Start from their fallen lords, and wildly fly,
Mixt with the flyers. 'Horse and man,' he said,
'All of one mind and all right-honest friends!
Not a hoof left: and I methinks till now
Was honest—paid with horses and with arms;
I cannot steal or plunder, no nor beg:
And so what say ye, shall we strip him there
Your lover? has your palfrey heart enough
To bear his armour? shall we fast, or dine?
No?—then do thou, being right honest, pray
That we may meet the horsemen of Earl Doorm,
I too would still be honest.' Thus he said:

And sadly gazing on her bridle-reins,
And answering not one word, she led the way

But as a man to whom a dreadful loss
Falls in a far land and he knows it not,
But coming back he learns it, and the loss
So pains him that he sickens nigh to death;
So fared it with Geraint, who being prick'd
In combat with the follower of Limours,
Bled underneath his armour secretly,
And so rode on, nor told his gentle wife
What ail'd him, hardly knowing it himself,
Till his eye darken'd and his helmet wagg'd;
And at a sudden swerving of the road,
Tho' happily down on a bank of grass,
The Prince, without a word, from his horse fell.

And Enid heard the clashing of his fall,
Suddenly came, and at his side all pale
Dismounting, loosed the fastenings of his arms,
Nor let her true hand falter, nor blue eye
Moisten, till she had lighted on his wound,
And tearing off her veil of faded silk
Had bared her forehead to the blistering sun,
And swathed the hurt that drain'd her dear lord's
life.
Then after all was done that hand could do,

She rested, and her desolation came
Upon her, and she wept beside the way.

And many past, but none regarded her,
For in that realm of lawless turbulence,
A woman weeping for her murder'd mate
Was cared as much for as a summer shower:
One took him for a victim of Earl Doorm,
Nor dared to waste a perilous pity on him:
Another hurrying past, a man-at-arms,
Rode on a mission to the bandit Earl;
Half whistling and half singing a coarse song,
He drove the dust against her veilless eyes:
Another, flying from the wrath of Doorm
Before an ever-fancied arrow, made
The long way smoke beneath him in his fear;
At which her palfrey whinnying lifted heel,
And scour'd into the coppices and was lost,
While the great charger stood, grieved like a man.

But at the point of noon the huge Earl Doorm,
Broad-faced with under-fringe of russet beard,
Bound on a foray, rolling eyes of prey,
Came riding with a hundred lances up;
But ere he came, like one that hails a ship,
Cried out with a big voice, 'What, is he dead?'
'No, no, not dead!' she answer'd in all haste.

'Would some of your kind people take him up,
And bear him hence out of this cruel sun?
Most sure am I, quite sure, he is not dead.'

Then said Earl Doorm: 'Well, if he be not dead,
Why wail ye for him thus? ye seem a child.
And be he dead, I count you for a fool;
Your wailing will not quicken him: dead or not,
Ye mar a comely face with idiot tears.
Yet, since the face *is* comely—some of you,
Here, take him up, and bear him to our hall:
An if he live, we will have him of our band;
And if he die, why earth has earth enough
To hide him. See ye take the charger too,
A noble one.'

He spake, and past away,
But left two brawny spearmen, who advanced,
Each growling like a dog, when his good bone
Seems to be pluck'd at by the village boys
Who love to vex him eating, and he fears
To lose his bone, and lays his foot upon it,
Gnawing and growling: so the ruffians growl'd,
Fearing to lose, and all for a dead man,
Their chance of booty from the morning's raid,
Yet raised and laid him on a litter-bier,
Such as they brought upon their forays out

For those that might be wounded; laid him on it
All in the hollow of his shield, and took
And bore him to the naked hall of Doorm,
(His gentle charger following him unled)
And cast him and the bier in which he lay
Down on an oaken settle in the hall,
And then departed, hot in haste to join
Their luckier mates, but growling as before,
And cursing their lost time, and the dead man,
And their own Earl, and their own souls, and her.
They might as well have blest her: she was deaf
To blessing or to cursing save from one.

So for long hours sat Enid by her lord,
There in the naked hall, propping his head,
And chafing his pale hands, and calling to him.
Till at the last he waken'd from his swoon,
And found his own dear bride propping his head,
And chafing his faint hands, and calling to him;
And felt the warm tears falling on his face;
And said to his own heart, 'She weeps for me:'
And yet lay still, and feign'd himself as dead,
That he might prove her to the uttermost,
And say to his own heart, 'She weeps for me.'

But in the falling afternoon return'd
The huge Earl Doorm with plunder to the hall.

His lusty spearmen follow'd him with noise:
Each hurling down a heap of things that rang
Against the pavement, cast his lance aside,
And doff'd his helm: and then there flutter'd in,
Half-bold, half-frighted, with dilated eyes,
A tribe of women, dress'd in many hues,
And mingled with the spearmen: and Earl Doorm
Struck with a knife's haft hard against the board,
And call'd for flesh and wine to feed his spears.
And men brought in whole hogs and quarter beeves,
And all the hall was dim with steam of flesh:
And none spake word, but all sat down at once,
And ate with tumult in the naked hall,
Feeding like horses when you hear them feed;
Till Enid shrank far back into herself,
To shun the wild ways of the lawless tribe.
But when Earl Doorm had eaten all he would,
He roll'd his eyes about the hall, and found
A damsel drooping in a corner of it.
Then he remember'd her, and how she wept;
And out of her there came a power upon him;
And rising on the sudden he said, 'Eat!
I never yet beheld a thing so pale.
God's curse, it makes me mad to see you weep.
Eat! Look yourself. Good luck had your good man,
For were I dead who is it would weep for me?
Sweet lady, never since I first drew breath

Have I beheld a lily like yourself.
And so there lived some colour in your cheek,
There is not one among my gentlewomen
Were fit to wear your slipper for a glove.
But listen to me, and by me be ruled,
And I will do the thing I have not done,
For ye shall share my earldom with me, girl,
And we will live like two birds in one nest,
And I will fetch you forage from all fields,
For I compel all creatures to my will.'

He spoke: the brawny spearman let his cheek
Bulge with the unswallow'd piece, and turning stared;
While some, whose souls the old serpent long had drawn
Down, as the worm draws in the wither'd leaf
And makes it earth, hiss'd each at other's ear
What shall not be recorded—women they,
Women, or what had been those gracious things,
But now desired the humbling of their best,
Yea, would have help'd him to it: and all at once
They hated her, who took no thought of them,
But answer'd in low voice, her meek head yet
Drooping, 'I pray you of your courtesy,
He being as he is, to let me be.'

She spake so low he hardly heard her speak,
But like a mighty patron, satisfied

With what himself had done so graciously,
Assumed that she had thank'd him, adding, 'Yea,
Eat and be glad, for I account you mine.'

She answer'd meekly, 'How should I be glad
Henceforth in all the world at anything,
Until my lord arise and look upon me?'

Here the huge Earl cried out upon her talk,
As all but empty heart and weariness
And sickly nothing; suddenly seized on her,
And bare her by main violence to the board,
And thrust the dish before her, crying, 'Eat.'

'No, no,' said Enid, vext, 'I will not eat
Till yonder man upon the bier arise,
And eat with me.' 'Drink, then,' he answer'd. 'Here!'
(And fill'd a horn with wine and held it to her,)
'Lo! I, myself, when flush'd with fight, or hot,
God's curse, with anger—often I myself,
Before I well have drunken, scarce can eat:
Drink therefore and the wine will change your will.'

'Not so,' she cried, 'by Heaven, I will not drink
Till my dear lord arise and bid me do it,
And drink with me; and if he rise no more,
I will not look at wine until I die.'

At this he turn'd all red and paced his hall,
Now gnaw'd his under, now his upper lip,
And coming up close to her, said at last:
'Girl, for I see ye scorn my courtesies,
Take warning: yonder man is surely dead;
And I compel all creatures to my will.
Not eat nor drink? And wherefore wail for one,
Who put your beauty to this flout and scorn
By dressing it in rags? Amazed am I,
Beholding how ye butt against my wish,
That I forbear you thus: cross me no more.
At least put off to please me this poor gown,
This silken rag, this beggar-woman's weed:
I love that beauty should go beautifully:
For see ye not my gentlewomen here,
How gay, how suited to the house of one
Who loves that beauty should go beautifully?
Rise therefore; robe yourself in this: obey.'

He spoke, and one among his gentlewomen
Display'd a splendid silk of foreign loom,
Where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue
Play'd into green, and thicker down the front
With jewels than the sward with drops of dew,
When all night long a cloud clings to the hill,
And with the dawn ascending lets the day
Strike where it clung: so thickly shone the gems.

But Enid answer'd, harder to be moved
Than hardest tyrants in their day of power,
With life-long injuries burning unavenged,
And now their hour has come; and Enid said:

'In this poor gown my dear lord found me first,
And loved me serving in my father's hall:
In this poor gown I rode with him to court,
And there the Queen array'd me like the sun:
In this poor gown he bad me clothe myself,
When now we rode upon this fatal quest
Of honour, where no honour can be gain'd:
And this poor gown I will not cast aside
Until himself arise a living man,
And bid me cast it. I have griefs enough:
Pray you be gentle, pray you let me be:
I never loved, can never love but him:
Yea, God, I pray you of your gentleness,
He being as he is, to let me be.'

Then strode the brute Earl up and down his hall,
And took his russet beard between his teeth;
Last, coming up quite close, and in his mood
Crying, 'I count it of no more avail,
Dame, to be gentle than ungentle with you;
Take my salute,' unknightly with flat hand,
However lightly, smote her on the cheek.

Then Enid, in her utter helplessness,
And since she thought, 'He had not dared to do it,
Except he surely knew my lord was dead,'
Sent forth a sudden sharp and bitter cry,
As of a wild thing taken in the trap,
Which sees the trapper coming thro' the wood.

This heard Geraint, and grasping at his sword,
(It lay beside him in the hollow shield),
Made but a single bound, and with a sweep of it
Shore thro' the swarthy neck, and like a ball
The russet-bearded head roll'd on the floor.
So died Earl Doorm by him he counted dead.
And all the men and women in the hall
Rose when they saw the dead man rise, and fled
Yelling as from a spectre, and the two
Were left alone together, and he said:

'Enid, I have used you worse than that dead man;
Done you more wrong: we both have undergone
That trouble which has left me thrice your own:
Henceforward I will rather die than doubt.
And here I lay this penance on myself,
Not, tho' mine own ears heard you yestermorn—
You thought me sleeping, but I heard you say,
I heard you say, that you were no true wife:
I swear I will not ask your meaning in it:

I do believe yourself against yourself,
And will henceforward rather die than doubt.'

And Enid could not say one tender word,
She felt so blunt and stupid at the heart:
She only pray'd him, 'Fly, they will return
And slay you; fly, your charger is without,
My palfrey lost.' 'Then, Enid, shall you ride
Behind me.' 'Yea,' said Enid, 'let us go.'
And moving out they found the stately horse,
Who now no more a vassal to the thief,
But free to stretch his limbs in lawful fight,
Neigh'd with all gladness as they came, and stoop'd
With a low whinny toward the pair: and she
Kiss'd the white star upon his noble front,
Glad also; then Geraint upon the horse
Mounted, and reach'd a hand, and on his foot
She set her own and climb'd; he turn'd his face
And kiss'd her climbing, and she cast her arms
About him, and at once they rode away.

And never yet, since high in Paradise
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind
Than lived thro' her, who in that perilous hour
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart,
And felt him hers again: she did not weep,

But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
Before the useful trouble of the rain:
Yet not so misty were her meek blue eyes
As not to see before them on the path,
Right in the gateway of the bandit hold,
A knight of Arthur's court, who laid his lance
In rest, and made as if to fall upon him.
Then, fearing for his hurt and loss of blood,
She, with her mind all full of what had chanced,
Shriek'd to the stranger 'Slay not a dead man!'
'The voice of Enid,' said the knight; but she,
Beholding it was Edyrn son of Nudd,
Was moved so much the more, and shriek'd again,
'O cousin, slay not him who gave you life.'
And Edyrn moving frankly forward spake:
'My lord Geraint, I greet you with all love;
I took you for a bandit knight of Doorm;
And fear not, Enid, I should fall upon him,
Who love you, Prince, with something of the love
Wherewith we love the Heaven that chastens us.
For once, when I was up so high in pride
That I was halfway down the slope to Hell,
By overthrowing me you threw me higher.
Now, made a knight of Arthur's Table Round
And since I knew this Earl, when I myself
Was half a bandit in my lawless hour,

I come the mouthpiece of our King to Doorm
(The King is close behind me) bidding him
Disband himself, and scatter all his powers,
Submit, and hear the judgment of the King.'

'He hears the judgment of the King of kings,'
Cried the wan Prince; 'and lo, the powers of Doorm
Are scatter'd,' and he pointed to the field,
Where, huddled here and there on mound and knoll,
Were men and women staring and aghast,
While some yet fled; and then he plainlier told
How the huge Earl lay slain within his hall.
But when the knight besought him, 'Follow me,
Prince, to the camp, and in the King's own ear
Speak what has chanced; ye surely have endured
Strange chances here alone;' that other flush'd
And hung his head, and halted in reply,
Fearing the mild face of the blameless King,
And after madness acted question ask'd:
Till Edyrn crying, 'If ye will not go
To Arthur, then will Arthur come to you,'
'Enough,' he said, 'I follow,' and they went.
But Enid in their going had two fears,
One from the bandit scatter'd in the field,
And one from Edyrn. Every now and then,
When Edyrn rein'd his charger at her side,

She shrank a little. In a hollow land,
From which old fires have broken, men may fear
Fresh fire and ruin. He, perceiving, said:

'Fair and dear cousin, you that most had cause
To fear me, fear no longer, I am changed.
Yourself were first the blameless cause to make
My nature's prideful sparkle in the blood
Break into furious flame; being repulsed
By Yniol and yourself, I schemed and wrought
Until I overturn'd him; then set up
(With one main purpose ever at my heart)
My haughty jousts, and took a paramour;
Did her mock-honour as the fairest fair,
And, toppling over all antagonism,
So wax'd in pride, that I believed myself
Unconquerable, for I was wellnigh mad:
And, but for my main purpose in these jousts,
I should have slain your father, seized yourself.
I lived in hope that sometime you would come
To these my lists with him whom best you loved;
And there, poor cousin, with your meek blue eyes,
The truest eyes that ever answer'd Heaven,
Behold me overturn and trample on him.
Then, had you cried, or knelt, or pray'd to me,
I should not less have kill'd him. And you came,—
But once you came,—and with your own true eyes

Beheld the man you loved (I speak as one
Speaks of a service done him) overthrow
My proud self, and my purpose three years old,
And set his foot upon me, and give me life.
There was I broken down; there was I saved:
Tho' thence I rode all-shamed, hating the life
He gave me, meaning to be rid of it.
And all the penance the Queen laid upon me
Was but to rest awhile within her court;
Where first as sullen as a beast new-caged,
And waiting to be treated like a wolf,
Because I knew my deeds were known, I found,
Instead of scornful pity or pure scorn,
Such fine reserve and noble reticence,
Manners so kind, yet stately, such a grace
Of tenderest courtesy, that I began
To glance behind me at my former life,
And find that it had been the wolf's indeed:
And oft I talk'd with Dubric, the high saint,
Who, with mild heat of holy oratory,
Subdued me somewhat to that gentleness,
Which, when it weds with manhood, makes a man.
And you were often there about the Queen,
But saw me not, or mark'd not if you saw;
Nor did I care or dare to speak with you,
But kept myself aloof till I was changed;
And fear not, cousin; I am changed indeed.'

He spoke, and Enid easily believed,
Like simple noble natures, credulous
Of what they long for, good in friend or foe,
There most in those who most have done them ill.
And when they reach'd the camp the King himself
Advanced to greet them, and beholding her
Tho' pale, yet happy, ask'd her not a word,
But went apart with Edyrn, whom he held
In converse for a little, and return'd,
And, gravely smiling, lifted her from horse,
And kiss'd her with all pureness, brother-like,
And show'd an empty tent allotted her,
And glancing for a minute, till he saw her
Pass into it, turn'd to the Prince, and said:

'Prince, when of late ye pray'd me for my leave
To move to your own land, and there defend
Your marches, I was prick'd with some reproof,
As one that let foul wrong stagnate and be,
By having look'd too much thro' alien eyes,
And wrought too long with delegated hands,
Not used mine own: but now behold me come
To cleanse this common sewer of all my realm,
With Edyrn and with others: have ye look'd
At Edyrn? have ye seen how nobly changed?
This work of his is great and wonderful.
His very face with change of heart is changed.

The world will not believe a man repents :
And this wise world of ours is mainly right.
Full seldom doth a man repent, or use
Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch
Of blood and custom wholly out of him,
And make all clean, and plant himself afresh.
Edyrn has done it, weeding all his heart
As I will weed this land before I go.
I, therefore, made him of our Table Round,
Not rashly, but have proved him everyway
One of our noblest, our most valorous,
Sanest and most obedient : and indeed
This work of Edyrn wrought upon himself
After a life of violence, seems to me
A thousand-fold more great and wonderful
Than if some knight of mine, risking his life,
My subject with my subjects under him,
Should make an onslaught single on a realm
Of robbers, tho' he slew them one by one,
And were himself nigh wounded to the death.'

So spake the King ; low bow'd the Prince, and felt
His work was neither great nor wonderful,
And past to Enid's tent ; and thither came
The King's own leech to look into his hurt ;
And Enid tended on him there ; and there

Her constant motion round him, and the breath
Of her sweet tendance hovering over him,
Fill'd all the genial courses of his blood
With deeper and with ever deeper love,
As the south-west that blowing Bala lake
Fills all the sacred Dee. So past the days.

But while Geraint lay healing of his hurt,
The blameless King went forth and cast his eyes
On each of all whom Uther left in charge
Long since, to guard the justice of the King:
He look'd and found them wanting; and as now
Men weed the white horse on the Berkshire hills
To keep him bright and clean as heretofore,
He rooted out the slothful officer
Or guilty, which for bribe had wink'd at wrong,
And in their chairs set up a stronger race
With hearts and hands, and sent a thousand men
To till the wastes, and moving everywhere
Clear'd the dark places and let in the law,
And broke the bandit holds and cleansed the land.

Then, when Geraint was whole again, they past
With Arthur to Caerleon upon Usk.
There the great Queen once more embraced her friend,
And clothed her in apparel like the day.

And tho' Geraint could never take again
That comfort from their converse which he took
Before the Queen's fair name was breathed upon,
He rested well content that all was well.
Thence after tarrying for a space they rode,
And fifty knights rode with them to the shores
Of Severn, and they past to their own land.
And there he kept the justice of the King
So vigorously yet mildly, that all hearts
Applauded, and the spiteful whisper died:
And being ever foremost in the chase,
And victor at the tilt and tournament,
They call'd him the great Prince and man of men.
But Enid, whom her ladies loved to call
Enid the Fair, a grateful people named
Enid the Good; and in their halls arose
The cry of children, Enids and Geraints
Of times to be; nor did he doubt her more,
But rested in her fealty, till he crown'd
A happy life with a fair death, and fell
Against the heathen of the Northern Sea
In battle, fighting for the blameless King.

THE MAY QUEEN

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:

But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?

There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;

There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year:
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;

And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the frost is on the pane:
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high:
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-
place;
Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your
face;
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall harken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far
away.

Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said goodnight for
evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the
door;
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing
green:
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor:
Let her take 'em: they are hers: I shall never garden
more:
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rosebush that
I set
About the parlour-window and the box of mignonette.

Goodnight, sweet mother: call me before the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin.
Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother, again if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet:
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, 'It's not for them: it's mine.'
And if it come three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
There's many a worthier than I, would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—

For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make
we such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie
come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your
breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis
early morn:
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon
the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the cur-
lews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locks-
ley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the
sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went
to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.——

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be
for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute obser-
vance hung.

And I said, 'My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the
truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to
thee.'

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and
a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern
night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden
storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, 'I have hid my feelings, fearing they should
do me wrong;'
Saying, 'Dost thou love me, cousin?' weeping, 'I have
loved thee long.'

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his
glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me—to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool!

Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou less unworthy proved—
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak and move:
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No—she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never,' whisper'd by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

'They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffer'd'—Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that
Honour feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each
other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous
Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the
strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of
my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming
years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's
field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer
drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a
dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him
then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the
throngs of men:

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint:
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger
on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and
more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a
laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of
his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the
bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for
their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a
moulder'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so
slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's
pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a
shallower brain:

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd
with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starr'd;—
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this
march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that
shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope
and breathing space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my
dusky race.

Iron jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they
shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances
in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows
of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my
words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian
child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our
glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with
lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun:
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

LOCKSLEY HALL

SIXTY YEARS AFTER.

LATE, my grandson! half the morning have I paced these sandy tracts,
Watch'd again the hollow ridges roaring into cataracts,

Wander'd back to living boyhood while I heard the curlews call,
I myself so close on death, and death itself in Locksley Hall.

So—your happy suit was blasted—she the faultless, the divine;
And you liken—boyish babble—this boy-love of yours with mine.

I myself have often babbled doubtless of a foolish past;
Babble, babble; our old England may go down in babble at last.

'Curse him!' curse your fellow-victim? call him dotard in your rage?
Eyes that lured a doting boyhood well might fool a dotard's age.

Jilted for a wealthier! wealthier? yet perhaps she was not wise;
I remember how you kiss'd the miniature with those sweet eyes.

In the hall there hangs a painting—Amy's arms about my neck—
Happy children in a sunbeam sitting on the ribs of wreck.

In my life there was a picture, she that clasp'd my neck had flown;
I was left within the shadow sitting on the wreck alone.

Yours has been a slighter ailment, will you sicken for her sake?
You, not you! your modern amourist is of easier, earthlier make.

Amy loved me, Amy fail'd me, Amy was a timid child;
But your Judith—but your worldling—*she* had never driven me wild.

She that holds the diamond necklace dearer than the
golden ring,
She that finds a winter sunset fairer than a morn of
Spring.

She that in her heart is brooding on his briefer lease
of life,
While she vows 'till death shall part us,' she the would-
be-widow wife.

She the worldling born of worldlings—father, mother—
be content,
Ev'n the homely farm can teach us there is something
in descent.

Yonder in that chapel, slowly sinking now into the
ground,
Lies the warrior, my forefather, with his feet upon the
hound.

Cross'd! for once he sail'd the sea to crush the Moslem
in his pride;
Dead the warrior, dead his glory, dead the cause in
which he died.

Yet how often I and Amy in the mouldering aisle have
stood,

Gazing for one pensive moment on that founder of our
blood.

There again I stood to-day, and where of old we knelt
in prayer,
Close beneath the casement crimson with the shield of
Locksley—there,

All in white Italian marble, looking still as if she
smiled,
Lies my Amy dead in child-birth, dead the mother,
dead the child.

Dead—and sixty years ago, and dead her aged husband
now—
I this old white-headed dreamer stoopt and kiss'd her
marble brow.

Gone the fires of youth, the follies, furies, curses,
passionate tears,
Gone like fires and floods and earthquakes of the
planet's dawning years.

Fires that shook me once, but now to silent ashes fall'n
away.
Cold upon the dead volcano sleeps the gleam of dying
day.

Gone the tyrant of my youth, and mute below the chancel stones,
All his virtues—I forgive them—black in white above his bones.

Gone the comrades of my bivouac, some in fight against the foe,
Some thro' age and slow diseases, gone as all on earth will go.

Gone with whom for forty years my life in golden sequence ran,
She with all the charm of woman, she with all the breadth of man,

Strong in will and rich in wisdom, Edith, yet so lowly-sweet,
Woman to her inmost heart, and woman to her tender feet,

Very woman of very woman, nurse of ailing body and mind,
She that link'd again the broken chain that bound me to my kind.

Here to-day was Amy with me, while I wander'd down the coast,

Near us Edith's holy shadow, smiling at the slighter ghost.

Gone our sailor son thy father, Leonard early lost at sea;
Thou alone, my boy, of Amy's kin and mine art left to me.

Gone thy tender-natured mother, wearying to be left alone,
Pining for the stronger heart that once had beat beside her own.

Truth, for Truth is Truth, he worshipt, being true as he was brave;
Good, for Good is Good, he follow'd, yet he look'd beyond the grave,

Wiser there than you, that crowning barren Death as lord of all,
Deem this over-tragic drama's closing curtain is the pall!

Beautiful was death in him, who saw the death, but kept the deck,
Saving women and their babes, and sinking with the sinking wreck,

Gone for ever! Ever? no—for since our dying race began,
Ever, ever, and for ever was the leading light of man.

Those that in barbarian burials kill'd the slave, and slew the wife,
Felt within themselves the sacred passion of the second life.

Indian warriors dream of ampler hunting grounds beyond the night;
Ev'n the black Australian dying hopes he shall return, a white.

Truth for truth, and good for good! The Good, the True, the Pure, the Just—
Take the charm 'For ever' from them, and they crumble into dust.

Gone the cry of 'Forward, Forward,' lost within a growing gloom;
Lost, or only heard in silence from the silence of a tomb.

Half the marvels of my morning, triumphs over time and space,
Staled by frequence, shrunk by usage into commonest commonplace!

'Forward' rang the voices then, and of the many mine
was one.
Let us hush this cry of 'Forward' till ten thousand
years have gone.

Far among the vanish'd races, old Assyrian kings would
flay
Captives whom they caught in battle—iron-hearted
victors they.

Ages after, while in Asia, he that led the wild Moguls,
Timur built his ghastly tower of eighty thousand human
skulls,

Then, and here in Edward's time, an age of noblest
English names,
Christian conquerors took and flung the conquer'd
Christian into flames.

Love your enemy, bless your haters, said the Greatest
of the great;
Christian love among the Churches look'd the twin of
heathen hate.

From the golden alms of Blessing man had coin'd
himself a curse:
Rome of Cæsar, Rome of Peter, which was crueller?
which was worse?

France had shown a light to all men, preach'd a Gospel, all men's good;
Celtic Demos rose a Demon, shriek'd and slaked the light with blood.

Hope was ever on her mountain, watching till the day begun—
Crown'd with sunlight—over darkness—from the still unrisen sun.

Have we grown at last beyond the passions of the primal clan?
'Kill your enemy, for you hate him,' still, 'your enemy' was a man.

Have we sunk below them? peasants maim the helpless horse, and drive
Innocent cattle under thatch, and burn the kindlier brutes alive.

Brutes, the brutes are not your wrongers—burnt at midnight, found at morn,
Twisted hard in mortal agony with their offspring, born-unborn,

Clinging to the silent mother! Are we devils? are we men?

Sweet St. Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again,

He that in his Catholic wholeness used to call the very flowers
Sisters, brothers—and the beasts—whose pains are hardly less than ours!

Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos! who can tell how all will end?
Read the wide world's annals, you, and take their wisdom for your friend.

Hope the best, but hold the Present fatal daughter of the Past,
Shape your heart to front the hour, but dream not that the hour will last.

Ay, if dynamite and revolver leave you courage to be wise:
When was age so cramm'd with menace? madness? written, spoken lies?

Envy wears the mask of Love, and, laughing sober fact to scorn,
Cries to Weakest as to Strongest, 'Ye are equals, equal-born.'

Equal-born? O yes, if yonder hill be level with the flat.
Charm us, Orator, till the Lion look no larger than the Cat,

Till the Cat thro' that mirage of overheated language loom
Larger than the Lion,—Demos end in working its own doom.

Russia bursts our Indian barrier, shall we fight her? shall we yield?
Pause! before you sound the trumpet, hear the voices from the field.

Those three hundred millions under one Imperial sceptre now,
Shall we hold them? shall we loose them? take the suffrage of the plow.

Nay, but these would feel and follow Truth if only you and you,
Rivals of realm-ruining party, when you speak were wholly true.

Plowmen, Shepherds, have I found, and more than once, and still could find,

Sons of God, and kings of men in utter nobleness of mind,

Truthful, trustful, looking upward to the practised hustings-liar;
So the Higher wields the Lower, while the Lower is the Higher.

Here and there a cotter's babe is royal-born by right divine;
Here and there my lord is lower than his oxen or his swine.

Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos! once again the sickening game;
Freedom, free to slay herself, and dying while they shout her name.

Step by step we gain'd a freedom known to Europe, known to all;
Step by step we rose to greatness,—thro' the tongue-sters we may fall.

You that woo the Voices—tell them 'old experience is a fool,'
Teach your flatter'd kings that only those who cannot read can rule.

Pluck the mighty from their seat, but set no meek ones
in their place;
Pillory Wisdom in your markets, pelt your offal at her
face.

Tumble Nature heel o'er head, and, yelling with the
yelling street,
Set the feet above the brain and swear the brain is in
the feet.

Bring the old dark ages back without the faith, without
the hope,
Break the State, the Church, the Throne, and roll their
ruins down the slope.

Authors—essayist, atheist, novelist, realist, rhymester,
play your part,
Paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues
of Art.

Rip your brothers' vices open, strip your own foul
passions bare;
Down with Reticence, down with Reverence—forward
—naked—let them stare.

Feed the budding rose of boyhood with the drainage
of your sewer;

Send the drain into the fountain, lest the stream should
issue pure.

Set the maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of
Zolaism,—
Forward, forward, ay and backward, downward too
into the abysm.

Do your best to charm the worst, to lower the rising
race of men;
Have we risen from out the beast, then back into the
beast again?

Only 'dust to dust' for me that sicken at your lawless
din,
Dust in wholesome old-world dust before the newer
world begin.

Heated am I? you—you wonder—well, it scarce be-
comes mine age—
Patience! let the dying actor mouth his last upon the
stage.

Cries of unprogressive dotage ere the dotard fall
asleep?
Noises of a current narrowing, not the music of a
deep?

Ay, for doubtless I am old, and think gray thoughts, for I am gray:
After all the stormy changes shall we find a changeless May?

After madness, after massacre, Jacobinism and Jacquerie,
Some diviner force to guide us thro' the days I shall not see?

When the schemes and all the systems, Kingdoms and Republics fall,
Something kindlier, higher, holier—all for each and each for all?

All the full-brain, half-brain races, led by Justice, Love, and Truth;
All the millions one at length with all the visions of my youth?

All diseases quench'd by Science, no man halt, or deaf or blind;
Stronger ever born of weaker, lustier body, larger mind?

Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue—
I have seen her far away—for is not Earth as yet so young?—

Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion
kill'd,
Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert till'd,

Robed in universal harvest up to either pole she
smiles,
Universal ocean softly washing all her warless Isles.

Warless? when her tens are thousands, and her thou-
sands millions, then—
All her harvest all too narrow—who can fancy warless
men?

Warless? war will die out late then. Will it ever? late
or soon?
Can it, till this outworn earth be dead as yon dead
world the moon?

Dead the new astronomy calls her. . . . On this day
and at this hour,
In this gap between the sandhills, whence you see the
Locksley tower,

Here we met, our latest meeting—Amy—sixty years
ago—
She and I—the moon was falling greenish thro' a rosy
glow,

Just above the gateway tower, and even where you see her now—
Here we stood and claspt each other, swore the seeming-deathless vow. . . .

Dead, but how her living glory lights the hall, the dune, the grass!
Yet the moonlight is the sunlight, and the sun himself will pass.

Venus near her! smiling downward at this earthlier earth of ours,
Closer on the Sun, perhaps a world of never fading flowers.

Hesper, whom the poet call'd the Bringer home of all good things.
All good things may move in Hesper, perfect peoples, perfect kings.

Hesper—Venus—were we native to that splendour or in Mars,
We should see the Globe we groan in, fairest of their evening stars.

Could we dream of wars and carnage, craft and madness, lust and spite,

Roaring London, raving Paris, in that point of peaceful light?

Might we not in glancing heavenward on a star so silver-fair,
Yearn, and clasp the hands and murmur, 'Would to God that we were there'?

Forward, backward, backward, forward, in the immeasurable sea,
Sway'd by vaster ebbs and flows than can be known to you or me.

All the suns—are these but symbols of innumerable man,
Man or Mind that sees a shadow of the planner or the plan?

Is there evil but on earth? or pain in every peopled sphere?
Well be grateful for the sounding watchword, 'Evolution' here,

Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good,
And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud.

What are men that He should heed us? cried the king of sacred song;
Insects of an hour, that hourly work their brother insect wrong,

While the silent Heavens roll, and Suns along their fiery way,
All their planets whirling round them, flash a million miles a day.

Many an Æon moulded earth before her highest, man, was born,
Many an Æon too may pass when earth is manless and forlorn,

Earth so huge, and yet so bounded—pools of salt, and plots of land—
Shallow skin of green and azure—chains of mountain, grains of sand!

Only That which made us, meant us to be mightier by and by,
Set the sphere of all the boundless Heavens within the human eye,

Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, thro' the human soul;

Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless outward, in the Whole.

* * * * *

Here is Locksley Hall, my grandson, here the lion-guarded gate.
Not to-night in Locksley Hall—to-morrow—you, you come so late.

Wreck'd—your train—or all but wreck'd? a shatter'd wheel? a vicious boy!
Good, this forward, you that preach it, is it well to wish you joy?

Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the Time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?

There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied feet,
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street.

There the Master scrimps his haggard sempstress of her daily bread,

There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead.

There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor,
And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor.

Nay, your pardon, cry your 'forward,' yours are hope and youth, but I—
Eighty winters leave the dog too lame to follow with the cry,

Lame and old, and past his time, and passing now into the night;
Yet I would the rising race were half as eager for the light.

Light the fading gleam of Even? light the glimmer of the dawn?
Aged eyes may take the growing glimmer for the gleam withdrawn.

Far away beyond her myriad coming changes earth will be
Something other than the wildest modern guess of you and me.

Earth may reach her earthly-worst, or if she gain her
earthly-best,
Would she find her human offspring this ideal man at
rest?

Forward then, but still remember how the course of
Time will swerve,
Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward
streaming curve.

Not the Hall to-night, my grandson! Death and
Silence hold their own.
Leave the Master in the first dark hour of his last
sleep alone.

Worthier soul was he than I am, sound and honest,
rustic Squire,
Kindly landlord, boon companion—youthful jealousy
is a liar.

Cast the poison from your bosom, oust the madness
from your brain.
Let the trampled serpent show you that you have not
lived in vain.

Youthful! youth and age are scholars yet but in the
lower school,

Nor is he the wisest man who never proved himself a fool.

Yonder lies our young sea-village—Art and Grace are less and less:
Science grows and Beauty dwindles—roofs of slated hideousness!

There is one old Hostel left us where they swing the Locksley shield,
Till the peasant cow shall butt the 'Lion passant' from his field.

Poor old Heraldry, poor old History, poor old Poetry, passing hence,
In the common deluge drowning old political common-sense!

Poor old voice of eighty crying after voices that have fled!
All I loved are vanish'd voices, all my steps are on the dead.

All the world is ghost to me, and as the phantom disappears,
Forward far and far from here is all the hope of eighty years.

* * * * *

In this Hostel—I remember—I repent it o'er his grave—
Like a clown—by chance he met me—I refused the hand he gave.

From that casement where the trailer mantles all the mouldering bricks—
I was then in early boyhood, Edith but a child of six—

While I shelter'd in this archway from a day of driving showers—
Peept the winsome face of Edith like a flower among the flowers.

Here to-night! the Hall to-morrow, when they toll the Chapel bell!
Shall I hear in one dark room a wailing, 'I have loved thee well.'

Then a peal that shakes the portal—one has come to claim his bride,
Her that shrank, and put me from her, shriek'd, and started from my side—

Silent echoes! You, my Leonard, use and not abuse
your day,
Move among your people, know them, follow him
who led the way,

Strove for sixty widow'd years to help his homelier
brother men,
Served the poor, and built the cottage, raised the
school, and drain'd the fen.

Hears he now the Voice that wrong'd him? who shall
swear it cannot be?
Earth would never touch her worst, were one in fifty
such as he.

Ere she gain her Heavenly-best, a God must mingle
with the game:
Nay, there may be those about us whom we neither
see nor name,

Felt within us as ourselves, the Powers of Good, the
Powers of Ill,
Strowing balm, or shedding poison in the fountains of
the Will.

Follow you the Star that lights a desert pathway,
yours or mine.

Forward, till you see the highest Human Nature is
divine.

Follow Light, and do the Right—for man can half-
control his doom—
Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant
tomb.

Forward, let the stormy moment fly and mingle with
the Past.
I that loathed, have come to love him. Love will
conquer at the last.

Gone at eighty, mine own age, and I and you will
bear the pall;
Then I leave thee Lord and Master, latest Lord of
Locksley Hall.

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;

And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail

In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

ST. AGNES' EVE.

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
  Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapour goes:
  May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
  Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
  That lead me to my Lord:
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
  As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
  That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
  To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
  To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
  My spirit before Thee;

So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride!

SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
  On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle till the end,
  To save from shame and thrall:

But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.

I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
'O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near.'
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

THE REVENGE.

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

I.

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:
'Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!'
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: 'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?'

II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: 'I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.'

III.

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,

With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.

'Shall we fight or shall we fly?

Good Sir Richard, tell us now,

For to fight is but to die!

There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.'

And Sir Richard said again: 'We be all good English men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,

For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet.'

V.

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so

The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,

With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;

For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,

And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

VI.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,

Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad
little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen
hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning
tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us
like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-
board lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself
and went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill
content;

And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

X.

For he said 'Fight on! fight on!'
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;

And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said 'Fight on! fight on!'

XI.

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,

And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
'We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!'

XII.

And the gunner said 'Ay, ay,' but the seamen made reply:
'We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.'
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore
him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard
caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
'I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man
and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!'
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant
and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so
cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English
few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they
knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the
deep,

And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

EMMIE.

I.

Our doctor had call'd in another, I never had seen
him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come
in at the door,
Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other
lands—
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless
hands!
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said
too of him
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save
the limb,
And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse
and so red,
I could think he was one of those who would break
their jests on the dead,

And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at his knee—
Drench'd with the hellish oorali—that ever such things should be!

II.

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die
But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of its place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case:
And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly 'The lad will need little more of your care.'
'All the more need,' I told him, 'to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all his children here, and I pray for them all as my own:'
But he turn'd to me, 'Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?'

Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say
'All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day.'

III.

Had? has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come by and by.
O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease
But that He said 'Ye do it to me, when ye do it to these'?

IV.

So he went. And we past to this ward where the younger children are laid:
Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid;
Empty you see just now! We have lost her who loved her so much—
Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch;
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,
Hers was the gratefullest heart I have found in a child of her years—

Nay you remember our Emmie; you used to send
her the flowers;
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to
'em hours after hours!
They that can wander at will where the works of the
Lord are reveal'd
Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of
the field;
Flowers to these 'spirits in prison' are all they can
know of the spring,
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of
an Angel's wing;
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin
hands crost on her breast—
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought
her at rest,
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said 'Poor little
dear,
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she'll never live thro'
it, I fear.'

V.

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as the head
of the stair,
Then I return'd to the ward; the child didn't see I
was there.

VI.

Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved and so vext!
Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next,
'He says I shall never live thro' it, O Annie, what shall I do?'
Annie consider'd. 'If I,' said the wise little Annie, 'was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie, you see,
It's all in the picture there: "Little children should come to me."'
(Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it always can please
Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.)
'Yes, and I will,' said Emmie, 'but then if I call to the Lord,
How should he know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!'
That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and said:
'Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—

The Lord has so *much* to see to! but, Emmie, you
tell it him plain,
It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the
counterpane.'

VII.

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch
her for four—
My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no
more.
That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it
never would pass.
There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail on
the glass,
And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost
about,
The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the
darkness without;
My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the
dreadful knife
And fears for our delicate Emmie who scarce would
escape with her life;
Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood
by me and smiled,
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see
to the child.

VIII.

He had brought his ghastly tools: we believed her
asleep again—
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the
counterpane;
Say that His day is done! Ah why should we care
what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie
had past away.

'YOU ASK ME, WHY, THO' ILL AT EASE.'

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fulness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
Opinion, and induce a time
When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute;

Tho' Power should make from land to land
The name of Britain trebly great—
Tho' every channel of the State
Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South.

'OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS.'

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fulness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

'LOVE THOU THY LAND.'

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings
That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years:
Cut Prejudice against the grain:
But gentle words are always gain:
Regard the weakness of thy peers:

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension, neither count on praise:
It grows to guerdon after-days:
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch:

Not clinging to some ancient saw;
Not master'd by some modern term;
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm:
And in its season bring the law;

That from Discussion's lip may fall
With Life, that, working strongly, binds—
Set in all lights by many minds,
To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,
And moist and dry, devising long,
Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free
To ingroove itself with that which flies,
And work, a joint of state, that plies
Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying, hard to shape in act;
For all the past of Time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The Spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits
Completion in a painful school;
Phantoms of other forms of rule,
New Majesties of mighty States—

The warders of the growing hour,
But vague in vapour, hard to mark;
And round them sea and air are dark
With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd,
Is bodied forth the second whole.
Regard gradation, lest the soul
Of Discord race the rising wind;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
And heap their ashes on the head;
To shame the boast so often made,
That we are wiser than our sires.

Oh yet, if Nature's evil star
Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
To follow flying steps of Truth
Across the brazen bridge of war—

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true, till Time shall close,
That Principles are rain'd in blood;

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,
But with his hand against the hilt,
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace;

Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,
Would serve his kind in deed and word,
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes:
And if some dreadful need should rise
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke:

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossom of the dead;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

NOTES.

GERAINT AND ENID.

Growth of the Idylls.—The history of the growth of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* is one of the most remarkable things in all the annals of literature. "That a great poet should be engaged with his largest theme for more than half a century; that he should touch it first with a lyric; then with an epical fragment and three more lyrics; then with a poem which is suppressed as soon as it is written; then with four romantic idylls, followed ten years later by two others, and thirteen years later by yet another idyll, which is to be placed, not before or after the rest, but in the very centre of the cycle; that he should begin with the end, and continue with the beginning, and end with the middle of the story, and produce at last a poem which certainly has more epical grandeur and completeness than anything that has been made in English since Milton died, is a thing so marvellous that no man would credit it save at the sword's point of fact. And yet this is the exact record of Tennyson's dealing with the Arthurian legends." The *Lady of Shalott*, foreshadowing *Elaine*, appeared in 1832. *Morte d'Arthur*, Tennyson's first poetic version of an Arthurian legend, afterwards incorporated into "The Passing of Arthur," appeared in 1842. In the same volume appeared *St. Agnes, Sir Galahad*, and *Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere*. In 1857 *Enid and Nimue* was printed and immediately suppressed. In 1859 appeared *Idylls of the King*, containing *Enid, Vivien, Elaine*, and *Guinevere*. In 1870 four more idylls were published, *The Coming of Arthur, The Holy Grail, Pelleas and Ettarre*, and *The Passing of Arthur*. In 1872 were produced *Gareth and Lynette* and *The Last Tournament*.

In 1885 there was added to the series another idyll, *Balin and Balan*, and "Enid" was divided into the two idylls, *The Marriage of Geraint* and *Geraint and Enid*. In their present form, then, there are twelve books of the *Idylls*, and according to the present sequence of these books the following has been the extraordinary order of their publication: the third, the fourth (Geraint and Enid), the sixth, the seventh, the eleventh; the first, the eighth, the ninth, the twelfth; the second, the tenth; the fifth.

Sources of the Legends.—"The material which Tennyson has used for his poem is the strange, complex, mystical story of King Arthur and his Round Table. To trace the origin of this story would lead us far afield and entangle us in the thickets of controversy which are full of thorns. Whether Arthur was a real king who ruled in Britain after the departure of the Romans, and founded a new order of chivalry, and defeated the heathen in various more or less bloody battles . . . . whether the source of the story was among the misty mountains of Wales, or among the castles of Brittany, are questions not to be decided here. This much is certain: in the twelfth century the name of King Arthur had come to stand for an ideal of royal wisdom, chivalric virtue, and knightly prowess which was recognized alike in England and France and Germany. His story was told again and again by Trouvère and Minnesinger and prose romancer. In camp and court and cloister, on the banks of the Loire, the Rhine, the Thames, men and women listened with delight to the description of his character and glorious exploits. A vast undergrowth of legends sprang up about him. The older story of Merlin the Enchanter; the tragic tale of Sir Lancelot and his fatal love; the adventures of Sir Tristram and Sir Gawaine; the mystical romance of the Saint Graal, with its twin heroes of purity, Percivale and Galahad,—these and many other tales of wonder and of woe, of amorous devotion and fierce conflict and celestial vision, were woven into the Arthurian tapestry. . . . . It was at the close of the age of chivalry, in the middle of the 15th century, that an English knight, Sir Thomas Malory by name, conceived the idea of re-writing the Arthurian story in his own language, and gathering as many of these tangled legends as he could find into one complete and connected narrative. He not only succeeded in bringing some kind of order out of the confusion; he infused a new and vigorous life into the ancient tales, and clothed them in fine, simple, sonorous prose, so that his *Morte d'Arthur* is entitled to rank among the best things

in English literature. . . . . It was doubtless through the pages of Malory that Tennyson made acquaintance with the story of Arthur, and from these he has drawn most of his materials for the Idylls. One other source must be mentioned: In 1838 Lady Charlotte Guest published *The Mabinogion*, a translation of the ancient Welsh legends contained in the "red book of Hergest," which is in the library of Jesus College at Oxford. *From this book Tennyson has taken the story of Geraint and Enid.*"—VAN DYKE.

Summary of The Marriage of Geraint.—A brief summary of *The Marriage of Geraint,* the idyll preceding *Geraint and Enid,* is here given. The portion of the narrative that bears directly upon the present idyll will be given with all necessary fulness.

Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court, and a tributary prince of Devon, was one of the great Order of the Round Table. One day while he was riding in the hunt beside Queen Guinevere a strange knight, lady, and dwarf passed by. The queen sent her maiden to ask the dwarf the name of the knight. The vicious dwarf insulted the maiden and struck at her with his whip. Prince Geraint then rode forward and was treated in like manner, his cheek being gashed by the dwarf's whip. Stung by the insult Geraint promised the queen to track "this vermin to their earths," to fight with the nameless knight and break his pride, and to return on the third day.

Geraint followed the three for a long way. At last he saw in the distance a fortress white from the mason's hand and opposite to it a castle in decay. Into the fortress rode the three, and Geraint sought for hospitality in the ruined castle. In the castle dwelt the aged Earl Yniol, his wife, and their beautiful daughter Enid. When Geraint rode up the hoary-headed earl invited him to enter and partake of the slender entertainment of the house. While he waited in the castle-court the voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang through the open casement of the Hall, singing delicately clear. The sweet voice moved Geraint and he exclaimed: "Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me." Entering the "dusky-raftered, many-cobwebbed" hall Geraint caught sight of Enid dressed in faded silk. At the fair vision of the beautiful maid at once thought Geraint, "Here, by God's rood, is the one maid for me."

After Enid had prepared and served to Geraint an inviting meal, the Prince questioned the Earl about the owner of the new fortress across the way, telling him at the same time of

the insult done to the Queen, and of his mission of vengeance. Geraint learned that the occupant of the fortress and the insulter of the Queen, was Yniol's nephew, who, because the Earl had refused him Enid's hand, had ousted him from the earldom and built the new fortress for greater security.

Geraint on learning that the earl's nephew would take part in a tourney to be held next day determined to tilt with him and for this purpose borrowed the old and rusty arms of Yniol. As no man could tilt in this tournament unless the lady he loved was there, Geraint asked of his host the privilege of laying lance in rest for Enid, promising that he would make her his true wife if Heaven aided him in the fight. The old earl gladly assented. Next day at the tourney after a terrible conflict Geraint felled Yniol's nephew, and, setting foot upon his breast, extorted from him his name, "Edyrn, son of Nudd!" Geraint then told his fallen foe that he must do two things to save himself from death,—he must with his lady and the dwarf ride to Arthur's court and crave pardon for the insult done the Queen,—and he must restore the earldom to the aged Earl. These things Edyrn promised to do forthwith.

On the third day from the hunting-morn Geraint desired Enid to accompany him to the court, there to be wedded with all ceremony. Enid, casting her eyes on her faded silken dress, longed for a dress all branched and flowered with gold, a costly gift of her mother's, given her three years ago on the night when Edyrn had sacked their house and stolen all their valuables. Enid was overjoyed when the long-lost dress was discovered and brought to her by her mother just when she desired such a gorgeous gown. While Enid was rejoicing with her mother over the recovered suit of bright apparel, Geraint asked to see Enid. Yniol reported that Enid was being made gay in raiment fitted to her prospective station. Geraint requested that she should go to court with him in her faded silk. At his request Enid obediently laid aside the costly robe and put on the ancient suit. Geraint then explained that he had made his request for two reasons:—first, because the Queen had promised that she would clothe whatever bride he brought like the sun in Heaven; and secondly, because he wished to try the strength of her love for him by asking her to cast aside, without any reason given, "a splendor dear to women."

Geraint accompanied by Enid rode away to Caerleon towards Arthur's court. Queen Guinevere met them at the gates,

embraced Enid with all welcome as a friend, did her honor as the bride of the Prince, and "clothed her for her bridals like the sun." The two were then wedded with all ceremony by Dubric, the high saint.

Geraint loved Enid as he loved the light of heaven, and as the light of Heaven varies he liked to make her beauty vary day by day in crimsons and in purples and in gems. Enid to please her husband appeared before him every day in some fresh splendor. The Queen loved Enid and often with her own hands arrayed and decked her as the loveliest lady in all the court, and Enid loved the Queen and adored her above all women upon earth. Geraint rejoiced as he observed the strength of their friendship. But when the rumor arose about the guilty love of the Queen for Lancelot, Geraint believed it, and a horror fell upon himlest his gentle wife should become tainted by her contact with the Queen. In order to keep his wife true to him he craved permission of the King to leave the court, under the pretext that his own princedom on the shores of Severn was beset by bandits and assassins. Taking fifty knights with him the Prince and Enid rode away to their own land. There Geraint compassed Enid "with sweet observances and worship," never leaving her. He grew forgetful of his princedom and its cares, of tilt and tournament, of falcon and hunt, of his glory and his name. This forgetfulness was hateful to Enid, because the people began to scoff and jeer about the prince as of one whose manhood was all gone, melted into mere uxoriousness. Enid became sadder day by day as this state of affairs became worse. She wanted to tell Geraint "but could not out of bashful delicacy." As Geraint saw her alter towards him he was the more suspicious that "her nature had a taint." At last it happened one summer morning as they lay side by side that Enid awoke. Admiring his massive breast and muscular arms, and reflecting on the people's talk about his uxoriousness, she bowed over him and piteously said to herself: "O noble breast and all-powerful arms, am I the cause of men reproaching you and saying that all your force is gone! I *am* the cause because I dare not tell him what I think and what they say. And yet I hate his lingering here. I cannot love my lord and not his name. I had far rather gird his harness on him and ride to battle with him and stand by and watch him striking mighty blows at caitiffs and at wrongers of the world. I had far rather be laid in the dark earth than that my lord through me should suffer shame. Dare I not tell him what I think, and how men

slur him, saying all his force is melted in effeminacy? *O me, I fear that I am no true wife.*"

As Enid spoke, half inwardly, half audibly, her tears fell upon his broad and naked breast and waked him. By great mischance he heard only her final words, that she feared she was not a true wife. So he thought that in spite of all his pains to keep her pure she was not faithful to him, but was weeping for some gay Knight in Arthur's halls. Then though he loved her too much to dream she could be guilty of foul act, still a pang darted through his breast that made him lonely and miserable. He hurled his huge limbs out of bed, shook his drowsy squire awake and cried, "My charger and her palfrey." Then he said to Enid: "I will ride forth into the wilderness, for, though it appears that I have yet to win my spurs, I have not fallen so low as some would wish. Put on your worst and meanest dress and ride along with me." Enid said in amazement: "If I err, let me know my fault." He replied: "I charge you, question me not, but obey." Enid then arrayed herself in her faded silk, a faded mantle, and a faded veil. She remembered how he first came upon her dressed in that dress of faded silk and how he loved her in it.

We see as we are seen.—I. Cor. 13 : 12.

Round was their pace.—A *round* pace is a smart, rapid pace.

Caerleon.—On the river Usk in Wales. This was one of the places at which King Arthur held court. The Roman amphitheatre there is still called King Arthur's Round Table.

The pain she had.—Compare this use of 'pain' with its use four lines below, "that *pain* about her heart."

Gemlike chased.—The brown wild enchased or enclosed the meadow as a gem is enclosed within its setting.

To close with.—To agree with.

His own false doom.—In "The Marriage of Geraint," after Geraint has tested Enid's love by requesting her to ride with him to court in her faded silk and she has complied without a question, Geraint exclaims:

> "Now, therefore, I do rest,
> A prophet certain of my prophecy,
> That never shadow of mistrust can cross
> Between us."

Another humorous ruth.—'Another' refers to his sigh of the preceding line. 'Humorous ruth' is pity arising from the caprice of the moment.

Or two wild men, etc.—The poet has in his mind an heraldic device of two painted warriors supporting a shield. If in the familiar device of the British coat-of-arms supported by the lion and the unicorn, one substitutes for the two animals two fierce barbarians staring straight ahead of them, he will have a fair conception of Tennyson's striking representation of the strained relations existing between Geraint and Enid.

Limours.—He was one of the pair of suitors mentioned in "The Marriage of Geraint":

> "First Limours,
> A creature wholly given to brawls and wine,
> Drunk even when he woo'd."

Camelot.—Malory says that Camelot is Winchester. Other authorities place it in Somersetshire. Whatever its location, it was "Arthur's ancient seat where oft he kept the Table Round."

An if he live.—*An if* is a collocation often found in older writers. *An* is another form of *and* (=*if*). When the subjunctive fell into disuse the hypothetical notion contained formerly in the subjunctive was expressed by adding *if* to *and* or *an*.

And so there lived.—This use of 'so' (=provided that) is common in Shakespeare.

Or hot, God's curse, with anger.—This seems to mean "hot with anger," the phrase being split by the exclamation, "God's curse."

O'er the four rivers.—See Genesis, II., 10–14.

Dubric.—In "The Coming of Arthur" he is styled "Chief of the church in Britain."

Bala.—Bala lake in the north of Wales is the apparent source of the river Dee. The waters of the Dee were held sacred by the ancient Britons.

On each of all whom Uther, etc.—This line originally read, "On whom his father Uther left in charge." The reason for the change appears in "The Coming of Arthur," the idyll that deals with the paternity of the king.

Men weed the white horse.—The first chapter of "Tom Brown's School Days" throws light on this passage. "And now we leave the camp, and descend toward the west, and are on the Ash-down. We are treading on heroes. It is sacred ground for Englishmen, for this is the actual place where our Alfred won his great battle, the battle of Ash-down, which

broke the Danish power, and made England a Christian land The Danes held the camp and the whole crown of the hill in fact. Up the heights came the Saxons. . . . . And in this place, one of the two kings of the heathen and five of his earls fell down and died, and many thousands of the heathen side in the same place. After which crowning mercy, the pious king, that there might never be wanting a sign and memorial to the country-side, carved out on the northern side of the chalk hill, under the camp, where it is almost precipitous, the great Saxon white horse, which gives its name to the vale, over which it has looked these thousand years and more." (White Horse Vale).

The blameless king.—The Arthur of the legends is by no means "the blameless king" of Tennyson's Idylls. It must be confessed that there is more of human interest in the legendary Arthur than in the cold and perfect Arthur that the Laureate has created.

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(1) The state of the land before Arthur came:

"For many a petty king ere Arthur came
Ruled in this isle, and ever waging war
Each upon other, wasted all the land;
And still from time to time the heathen host
Swarm'd over seas, and harried what was left.
And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,
Wherein the beast was ever more and more,
But man was less and less, till Arthur came.
For first Aurelius lived and fought and died,
And after him King Uther fought and died,
But either failed to make the kingdom one.
And after these King Arthur for a space,
And thro' the puissance of his Table Round,
Drew all their petty princedoms under him,
Their king and head, and made a realm, and reigned."

(2) The vows of the Knights of the Round Table.

"To reverence the king, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their king,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,

To lead sweet lives in perfect chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her."

(3) Are the Idylls allegories?

"The meaning of the *Idylls* has been distinctly stated by the poet himself, and we are bound to take his words as the clue to their interpretation. In the "Dedication to the Queen" he says,—

'Accept this old imperfect tale
New-old, and *shadowing Sense at war with Soul*,
Rather than that gray king, whose name, a ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain-peak,
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still: or him
Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Malleor's, one
Touched by the adulterous finger of a time
That hover'd between war and wantonness,
And crownings and dethronements.'

"This is a clear disavowal of an historical purpose in the Idylls. But does it amount to the confession that they are an allegory pure and simple?"—VAN DYKE.

"But the Idylls must not be taken as pure allegories, for they are rather parables than allegories, and each idyll has a separate and human interest aside from its spiritual significance."—WALSH.

(4) Are the Idylls epic?

"Tennyson has not exactly made an epic from the Arthurian legends, for a true epic is the expression and embodiment of a national belief in national heroes, but he has turned the half-forgotten and discredited stories of King Arthur and his knights into exquisite idylls or pictures, connecting them so as to unfold a single purpose, and touching them with the spirit and color of modern life."—WALSH.

(5) The modernness of the Idylls.

"The theme and treatment of the *Idylls* is essentially modern. Into the dry bones of the old legends Tennyson has breathed the spirit and ideals of the nineteenth century; he has used the old-world myths as a body for new truths. He is evidently no believer in 'art for art's sake,' and has sacrificed the unities of time and place to give his poem a higher spiritual significance. . . . . The distinguishing quality of the *Idylls* is their intense modernness: the individual characters are forms measuring the strength and volume of the

forces that are pulsing through our present existence. Living questions and modern conflicts and theories are woven thickly into the warp and woof of the song. Tennyson has been called to task for anachronisms, but he would not be the great poet he is were he not thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his age, and did he not give that spirit utterance. He has wrought a far greater poem, and one fraught with a nobler meaning and a wider interest to man, by his subjective treatment of his theme, by 'shadowing Sense at war with Soul,' than if he had merely attempted to paint pictures of a forgotten age, and lent his pen to the minute relation of the deeds of semi-barbarous knights."—WALSH.

(6) The place of "Geraint and Enid" among the Idylls.

"There has been as yet no shadow of the storm that is coming to disturb Arthur's realm. . . . . But in *Geraint and Enid* there is a cloud upon the sky, a trouble in the air. The fatal love of Lancelot and Guinevere has already begun to poison the court with suspicions and scandals. It is in this brooding and electrical atmosphere that jealousy, in the person of Geraint, comes into conflict with loyalty, in the person of Enid. The story is the same that Boccaccio has told so exquisitely in the tale of *Griselda*, and Shakespeare so tragically in *Othello*,—the story of a woman, sweet and true and steadfast down to the very bottom of her heart, joined to a man who is exacting and suspicious."—VAN DYKE.

(7) Style of the Idylls.

"So far as the outward form of the *Idylls* is concerned, they belong unquestionably in the very first rank of English verse. In music of rhythm, in beauty of diction, in richness of illustration, they are unsurpassed. Even Mr. Swinburne—himself a master of words—confesses a cordial admiration for their 'exquisite magnificence of style.'"

(8) Nature in the Idylls.

"The *Idylls* are full of little pictures which show that Tennyson has studied Nature at first hand."

(9) What is the common acceptation of the term "Idyll"? Justify Tennyson's use of the title.

(10) What unity of purpose is suggested by the title "Idylls of the King"? Show that the Idylls do "revolve about him (King Arthur) as stars about a central sun."

THE MAY QUEEN.

The first and second divisions of this poem were printed in 1832; the "Conclusion" was probably written in 1833, although it was not published till 1842.

You must wake and call me early.—Notice how the change in the girl's condition and mood is reflected in her subsequent mode of addressing her mother, "If you're waking call me early."

The glad New-year.—The earlier reading was "the blythe New-year."

Black black eye.—Such repetitions are common in the old ballads. Compare "in the early early morning," etc., below. How natural are these repetitions in the mouth of a child.

Whom think ye should I see.—As 'ye' is phonetically weaker and less emphatic than 'you' it has been retained here. In the 1832 edition 'ye' was employed throughout for 'you.'

Robin.—It is curious that this was changed to "Robert" in the edition of 1842, and then restored to "Robin" in later editions.

The blossom on the blackthorn.—The original reading was "the may upon," meaning the white blossoms of the blackthorn.

Charles's Wain.—This is the constellation of the Great Bear, known in popular language as "The Dipper." *Charles'* is probably a corruption of *churl's*; so *Charles's Wain* is the 'countryman's plough.'

Chancel-casement.—The window in the chancel of the parish church.

Dry dark wold.—'Wold' is a favorite word of Tennyson's. His native Somersby is among the wolds or low hills of Lincolnshire.

And forgive me ere I go.—Compare with the original reading "upon my cheek and brow."

Before the day is born.—How is this better than the early reading "when it begins to dawn"?

But still I think it can't be long.—How much superior to the original reading:

> "But still it can't be long, mother, before I find release;
> And that good man, the clergyman, he preaches words of peace."

He taught me, etc.—In the original line 'taught' and 'show'd' were transposed. Try the effect of the change.

My lamp was lighted late.—See Matt. XXV.

The dog howl.—There is an old superstition that the howling of a dog by night prognosticates death to sick persons in the vicinity.

The death-watch.—This is a small beetle whose 'ticking' noise is supposed by the superstitious to presage death.

If it come three times.—Why has the poet changed the earlier 'comes' to 'come'?

"And the wicked cease," etc.—Of the last line of this poem Van Dyke in his "Poetry of Tennyson" remarks: "*The May Queen* is a poem which has sung itself into the hearts of the people everywhere. The tenderness of its sentiment and the exquisite cadence of its music have made it beloved in spite of its many faults. Yet I suppose that the majority of readers have read it again and again without recognizing that one of its most melodious verses is a direct quotation from the third chapter of Job:

And the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

"This is one of the instances—by no means rare—in which the translators of our English Bible have fallen unconsciously into the rhythm of the most perfect poetry; and it is perhaps the best illustration of Tennyson's felicitous use of the very words of Scripture."

The May Queen breathes throughout of Lincolnshire. Maypole dancing took place at Horncastle up to fifty years ago. The very flowers declare to what part of the country the poem belongs,—"the honeysuckle round the porch."—"the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers by the meadow-trenches."—"the wild marsh-marigold,"—"the cowslip and the crowfoot over all the hill." Many a "dry dark wold," too, the traveller passes on the highway leading to Somersby.

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(1) Show the suitability of the term "home-spun drama," applied to this tripartite poem.

(2) State the artistic reasons for the choice of May-day, New-year, and Springtide, as the occasions of the three parts.

(3) Trace the changes in the girl's spirit through the three parts and show how the style has been altered to harmonize therewith.

(4) What effect is gained by the use of such abbreviations as 'ill, o', i', 'll, 'em? why are there none in the third part?

(5) What is the use of the refrain in the first part?

(6) Point out lines in which the normal metre is departed from for special purposes.

(7) Comment on the poet's art in the choice of environment and time for the girl's departure. Does the poetry mount to the occasion? What lends dignity to the girl's last dying words?

LOCKSLEY HALL.

With the exception of a verbal alteration or two this poem appears as it was originally published in 1842. It is said to have been the result of six weeks' continuous labor.

Many attempts have been made to prove the identity of Locksley Hall. A recent writer has endeavored to show that the original is Langton Hall near Somersby. That the place, whether real or imaginary, belongs to Lincolnshire can scarcely be doubted. The "sandy tracts," "the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts," "the dreary moorland," and the "barren shore," are local touches that place Locksley Hall in the poet's native county.

The wildly intense emotion that charges this poem would lead the reader to believe that it comes from the poet's own heart and life, but Tennyson himself has formally denied the corporeity of "Cousin Amy." His disclaimer must be accepted, and all the factitious sorrow and bitterness and scorn and tumultuous passion must be credited to the poet's wonderfully creative genius.

The following extract from an appreciative essay by Brimley will indicate very clearly the drift and purpose of this remarkable poem:—

"It is against the fickleness of a woman that the speaker in *Locksley Hall* has to find a resource, and he finds it in the excitement of enterprise and action, in glowing anticipations of progress for the human race. He not merely recovers his sympathy with his fellow-men, and his interest in life, which had been paralyzed by the unworthiness of her who represented for him all that was beautiful and good in life, but he

recovers it on higher and firmer ground. What he lost was a world that reflected his own unclouded enjoyment, his buoyant ardor and high spirits; a world appreciated mainly in its capacity for affording variety to his perceptive activity and scope for his unflagging energies; a world of which he himself, with his pleasures and his ambitions, was the centre. What he gains is a world that is fulfilling a divine purpose, beside which his personal enjoyments are infinitely unimportant, but in aiding and apprehending which his true blessedness is purified and deepened; a world in which he is infinitely small and insignificant, but greater in his brotherhood with the race which is evolving 'the idea of humanity' than in any possible grandeur of his own. The poem has been called 'morbid,' a phrase that has acquired a perfectly new meaning of late years, and is made to include works of art, and all views of life that are colored by other than comfortable feelings. If *Locksley Hall*, as a whole, is morbid, then it is morbid to represent a young man rising above an early disappointment in love, and coming out from it stronger, less sensitive, more sinewed for action.

"What has led certain critics to call the poem morbid is, of course, that the speaker's judgment of his age, in the earlier part, is colored by his private wrong and grief. But it is not morbid; on the contrary, it is perfectly natural and right that outrages on the affections should disturb the calmness of the judgment, that acts of treacherous weakness should excite indignation and scorn; and the view of the world natural to this state of mind is quite as true as that current upon the Stock Exchange, and not at all more partial or prejudiced. It is not, indeed, the highest, any more than it is a complete view, but it is higher and truer than the 'all serene' contemplation of a comfortable Epicurean or passionless thinker. There is no cynicism in the 'fine curses' of *Locksley Hall*; they are not the poisonous exhalations of a corrupted nature, but the thunder and lightning that clear the air of what is foul, the forces by which a loving and poetical mind, not yet calmed and strengthened by experience and general principles, repels unaccustomed outrage and wrong. With what a rich emotion he recalls his early recollections! Sea, sandy shore, and sky have been for him a perpetual fountain of beauty and of joy, his youth a perpetual feast of imaginative knowledge and pictorial glory. With what a touching air of tenderness and protection he watches the young girl whom he loves in secret, and whose paleness and thinness excite his pity as well

as his hope! How rapturously, when she avows her love, he soars up in his joy with a flight that would be tumultuous but for the swiftness of the motion,—unsteady but for the substantial massiveness of thought, and the general poising sweep of the lyric power that sustains it! Then how pathetic the sudden fall, the modulation by which he passes from the key of rapture to that of despair! And here and there, through all that storm of anger, sarcasm, contempt, denunciation that follows, there sounds a note of unutterable tenderness which gives to the whole movement a prevailing character of pain and anguish, of moral desolation, rather than of wrath and vengeance. Not till this mood exhausts itself, and the mind of the speaker turns to action as a resource against despair, does he realize all that he has lost. Not only is love uprooted,—his hope, his faith in the world, have perished in that lightning flash; and he turns again to his glorious youth, but now only to sound the gulf that separates him from it. The noble aspirations, the ardent hopes, the sanguine prophecies of earlier years roll in rich pomp of music and of picture before us; but it is the cloud-pageantry of the boy's day-dream which breaks up to reveal the world as it appears now to the 'palsied heart' and 'jaundiced eye' of the man. Yet in the midst of this distempered vision are seen glimpses of a deeper truth. The eternal law of progress is not broken because individual man is shipwrecked. It is but a momentary glimpse, and offers no firm footing. His personal happiness, after all, is what concerns each person. Here, at least, in this convention-ridden, Mammon-worshipping Europe, where the passions are cramped, and action that would give scope to passionate energy impossible, the individual has no chance. But in some less advanced civilization, where the individual is freer if the race be less forward, there may be hope. And a picture of the tropics rises before the imagination, dashed off in a few strokes of marvellous breadth and richness of color. But the deeper nature of the man controls the delusion of the fancy; his heart, reason, and conscience revolt against the escape into a mere savage freedom; they will not allow him to drop out of the van of the advancing host; and manly courage comes with the great thought of a society that is rapidly fulfilling the idea of humanity; the personal unhappiness, the private wrong, the bitterness of outraged affection, give way before the upswelling sympathy with the triumph of the race to which he belongs. The passion has passed in the rush of words that gave it expression, and life shines clear again, no

longer on the tender-hearted, imaginative boy, but on the man

> 'Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will,
> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.'

With reference to the metre of "Locksley Hall" Bayne remarks: "It is, I fancy, to *Locksley Hall*, more than to any other of his poems, that Tennyson owes his hold upon the heart of the world. Partly this may be due to its being a peculiarly fascinating and piquant variation from his usual manner. It is *trochaic* in melody, the beat coming upon the first syllable in the metrical foot instead of, as in the iambus, on the second. Tennyson generally uses the iambus. This is, indeed, the organic unit of measurement in English verse, forming the basis of the heroic stanza, rhymed and unrhymed, as employed in all the monumental works of English poetry. So long ago as the days of Aristotle the iambic measure was considered 'the natural march-music of action and business.' It is most consistent with the genius of the English tongue, and Tennyson has evidently found it harmonize best with that patient elaboration, that minute and symmetrical working up of the pictures of his mind in which he delights. In *Locksley Hall*, however, he gives voice to one of those high tides of emotion in which the full heart sometimes relieves itself, and on such an occasion it was more important to render the force and billowy splendor of the waves, to express sympathy with their glorious freedom, their magnificent boldness, and wildness, and tumult, their clapping of hands and revelry of infinite laughter, or passionate sobbing of grief, than to mould their particular forms or to time their march upon the beach. In *Locksley Hall*, therefore, Tennyson escapes from that iambic regularity, that dignified perfection and repose, so characteristic of his general manner, into the fitful and ringing, or wildly wailing and throbbing, melody of a trochaic measure."

Comrades.—The speaker is a soldier. See *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*,—"Gone, the comrades of my bivouac, some in fight against the foe".

'Tis the place, etc.—The reading of 1842 was: "'Tis the place, and round the gables"—

Dreary gleams.—Tennyson's own explanation of this phrase is—"*dreary gleams flying* is put absolutely—while dreary gleams are flying." Presumably he refers to the fog or mist of the early morning.

Locksley Hall, that in the distance, etc.—In 1865 the poet

changed this to "Locksley Hall, that half in ruins, overlooks," etc.—The present reading was afterwards restored.

Ocean-ridges roaring, etc. Compare *The Holy Grail*:—

> "Tho' heaped in mounds and ridges all the sea
> Drove like a cataract"—

Orion.—A constellation of the southern hemisphere represented by the figure of a man with a sword by his side, three stars on a line forming his belt.

The *Pleiads* are a cluster of seven stars in the neck of the constellation Taurus.

Here about the beach, etc.—It was probably on the Mablethorpe beach in Lincolnshire that Tennyson built up the fancies of this poem.

The long result of time.—"All the wonder that would be."

Closed.—Included.

A livelier iris.—An appearance resembling the hues of the rainbow. *Iris* was the female messenger of the Gods who came down to earth on the track of the rainbow.

Love took up the glass of time.—We find a similar fancy in the lines of W. R. Spencer:

> "How noiseless falls the foot of Time
> That only treads on flowers!
> And who with clear account remarks
> The ebbing of his glass,
> When all its sands are diamond sparks
> That dazzle as they pass?"

Smote the chord of Self.—Bayne's comment is valuable: "This line concentrates into itself a large part of Tennyson's noble conception of love, or conception of the nobleness of love. Love annihilates Self, even while exalting it, and crowns life in a two-fold ecstasy of renunciation and attainment. A life of unselfish beneficent occupation—of sympathy in mental culture—of co-operation in benevolent effort—would have been the natural sequel. But Mammon and conventional respectability tore the strings from the harp of life, and shattered the glass of time with its golden sands."

Falser than all fancy fathoms.—One feels that the alliteration of the letter "f" is indicative of contempt. Compare the interjections "fie!" "faugh!" "fudge!"

It may be my lord is weary, etc.—What withering scorn!

Easy things to understand.—His conversation will be shallow, in striking contrast with thy "finer fancies."

That I should bluster.—Bayne remarks: "Exception has been taken to the tone which the discarded lover assumes toward her who has forsaken him, as if its harshness were impossible for a generous and magnanimous nature, which Tennyson, without question, intends his lover to be. But I think this is to bring the air of Rosa Matilda romance over the world of reality. It would have been very pretty for the poet to represent his lover as breathing nothing but admiration and broken-hearted forgiveness. Schiller might perhaps have told the story so; but Goethe or Shakespeare would not. Heroes that are too angelic cease to be men. The high-flown magnanimity is the sign-manual of the false sublime. Tennyson makes it plain also that it is only what is degrading in Amy's life that the lover blames and hates. Beneath all his angry words, his love for her remains ineradicable, and he would wish her happy if he could do so and at the same time save her from his contempt."

Rookery.—Flock of rooks.

In division of the records of the mind.—Can I divide my memories of her into two parts?

I remember one.—Suppose for the moment that she died before she deserted me.

This is truth the poet sings, etc.—This is from Dante. *Inferno*, V. 121:

> "No greater grief than to remember days
> Of joy, when misery is at hand."
> (Cary's Translation.)

This sentiment has been imitated by Chaucer:

> "For of Fortunis sharp adversite
> The worste kind of infortune is this,
> A man to have been in prosperite
> And it remember when it passid is."
> *Troilus and Creseide*, b. III.

Phantom years.—Ghosts of coming years

Overlive it.—Outlive it.

Every door is barred with gold.—There is a mercenary taint upon the age.

Angry fancy.—'Tumultuous,' 'raging.'

But the jingling, etc.—Modern nations have a vaunting temper, but their threats outrun their deeds. The love of gold keeps nations from fighting for their honor.

Heavens fill, etc.—A vision of an aerial navy. *Argosies* are the larger merchant ships of olden days.

Heavens fill with shouting.—The shouting of the combatants during a naval battle in the air.

Of most.—That is, of the majority.

Slowly comes, etc.—Bayne remarks on this passage: "What a picture is this of Feudalism settling to its last sleep, with Freedom advancing upon it! Or of aristocracies that nod and wink in the waning light of their heraldic honors, with the grand roar of the democracy beginning to be heard!"

The process of the suns.—The lapse of years.

Like Joshua's moon.—See Joshua, X. 12.

Let the great world spin, etc.—Gladstone says: "The line may well make a nervous man giddy as he reads it."

Tennyson told an Australian visitor a few years ago that this line was suggested by the first railway journey he ever made. "He had been on a continental tour with Arthur Hallam and when the two friends arrived in Liverpool they travelled to Manchester on the new line after nightfall. Tennyson could not exactly see the form of the railway as he was moved along, but the novel experience brought the idea into his mind which is embodied in the well-known phrase."

A cycle of Cathay.—A 'cycle' is an indefinitely long period. *Cathay* is an old name for China.

The roof-tree.—The main beam in the roof.

LOCKSLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER.

This poem was published late in 1886. In the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1887, Gladstone wrote as follows:

"The nation will observe with warm satisfaction that although the new *Locksley Hall* is, as told by the calendar, a work of Lord Tennyson's old age, yet is his poetic 'eye not dim, nor his natural force abated.' . . . It was in 1842 that the genius of Lord Tennyson blazed in full orb upon the world. But he had long before worn the livery of the muse, and braved the ordeal of the press, so that it is hardly an exaggeration to treat the whole period of three score years as already included within

a literary life. And now that he gives us another *Locksley Hall* 'after sixty years,' the very last criticism that will be hazarded, or if hazarded will be accepted, on his work will be that it betrays a want of tone and fibre. For my own part I have been not less impressed with the form, than with the substance. Limbs will grow stiff with age, but minds not always; we find here all undiminished that suppleness of the poet which enables him to conform without loss of freedom to the stringent laws of measured verse. Lord Tennyson retains his conspicuous mastery over the trochaic metre."

"In the work that is now before the world, Lord Tennyson neither claims the authority, nor charges himself with the responsibility, of one who solemnly delivers, under the weight of years, and with a shortened span before him, a confession of political or social faith. The poem is strictly a dramatic monologue. In its pages we have before us, though without the formal divisions of the drama, a group of personages, and the strain changes from the color of thought appropriate for one to that which befits another. . . . The method in the old *Locksley Hall*, and in the new, is the same. In each the maker is outside his work; and in each we have to deal with it as strictly impersonal. Were it otherwise, were we to seek political knowledge at the lips of our author, we should not be in difficulty; for this is he who in his official verses of 1851, addressed to the Queen, and in the poem 'Love thou thy Land,' has supplied us with a code of politics as sound, as comprehensive, and as exactly balanced, as either verse or prose could desire."

A portion of an article in the *Spectator* of Dec. 18th, 1886, is here added:

"The difference between the *Locksley Hall* of Tennyson's early poems and the *Locksley Hall* of his latest is this—that in the former all the melancholy is attributed to personal grief, while all the sanguine visionariness which really springs out of overflowing vitality justifies itself by dwelling on the cumulative resources of science and the arts;—in the latter, the melancholy in the man, a result of ebbing vitality, justifies itself by the failure of knowledge and science to cope with the moral horrors which experience has brought to light, while the set-off against that melancholy is to be found in a real personal experience of true nobility in man and woman. Hence those who call the new *Locksley Hall* pessimist seem to us to do injustice to that fine poem."

"On the whole, we have here the natural pessimism of age in all its melancholy, alternating with that highest mood like 'old experience' which, in Milton's phrase, 'doth attain to something like prophetic strain.' The various eddies caused by these positive and negative currents seem to us delineated with at least as firm a hand as that which painted the tumultuous ebb and flow of angry despair and angrier hope in the bosom of the deceived and resentful lover of sixty years since. The later *Locksley Hall* is in the highest sense worthy of its predecessor."

In the hall, etc.—These two couplets were originally written for the first *Locksley Hall*. They were inserted after line 38, 'and our spirits rushed together,' etc.

His feet upon the hound.—Such recumbent figures are common on old English monuments, the *crossing* of the feet signifying that the Knight had been a Crusader.

The shield of Locksley.—This was represented in the *crimson* or painted glass of the window.

Gone the cry of 'Forward, Forward.'—Compare *Locksley Hall*, p.68,—"Forward, forward let us range."

France had shown a light.—A reference to the French Revolution. *Demos* is the Greek word for the common people. The original inhabitants of France were Celtic.

Peasants maim, etc.—This may refer to recent events in Ireland. Some refer it to the atrocities of 1830-33 in the agricultural districts of England, when the emissaries of "Captain Swing" burned corn-stacks, farm-buildings, and live-stock.

Saint Francis.—Tradition says that he was a lover of all lower animals, and even of plants and flowers.

Cosmos.—This word meaning 'order' is opposed to *chaos*.

Voices from the field.—The votes of the farmers.

Zolaism.—An allusion to the 'realistic' French novelist, Zola.

Jacobinism.—Violent opposition to legitimate government, from the *Jacobins*,—a club of wild Republicans in the French Revolution of 1789. *Jacquerie*, originally meaning a revolt of the peasants of Picardy against the nobles in 1358, then applied to any insurrection of the lower classes.

Moonlight is the sunlight.—Reflected light.

Hesper, etc.—Byron has paraphrased Sappho; "O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things."

With the cry.—Along with the rest of the hounds.

Roofs of slated hideousness.—The new "model houses" without any antique picturesqueness.

The Lion passant.—On the Locksley coat-of-arms.

ULYSSES.

A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* (July, 1880) has pointed out that the germ, the spirit, and the sentiment of this poem are from the 26th canto of Dante's *Inferno*. Cary's translation of the passage from Dante may here be given:

> "Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence
> Of my old father, nor return of love,
> That should have crown'd Penelope with joy,
> Could overcome in me the zeal I had
> To explore the world, and search the ways of life,
> Man's evil and his virtue. Forth I sail'd
> Into the deep illimitable main,
> With but one barque, and the small faithful band
> That yet cleaved to me. . . . . .
>
> Tardy with age
> Were I and my companions, when we came
> To the strait pass, where Hercules ordain'd
> The boundaries not to be o'erstepp'd by man.
> 'Oh, brothers!' I began, 'who to the west
> Through perils without number now have reach'd;
> To this the short remaining watch, that yet
> Our senses have to wake, refuse not proof
> Of the unpeopled world, following the track
> Of Phœbus. Call to mind from whence ye sprang;
> Ye were not form'd to live the life of brutes,
> But virtue to pursue, and knowledge high.'"

An idle King.—Ulysses, King of Ithaca, a rocky island off the entrance to the Corinthian Gulf. He was distinguished among the Greek heroes of the Trojan war for his courage, eloquence, and sagacity. After the fall of Troy the most interesting part of Ulysses' career begins. The adventures of his return voyage form the subject of Homer's *Odyssey*. After an absence of 20 years the hero reached Ithaca in safety, where he was welcomed by his wife Penelope and his son Telemachus.

Mete and dole.—Measure and deal out. The words seem to imply contempt.

Unequal laws.—Imperfect laws that fail to secure their end.

Know not me.—Cannot appreciate my lofty and adventurous spirit.

Drink life to the lees.—I will drain the wine of life to the very dregs.

Suffer'd greatly.—Readers of Homer will recognize here the conventional epithet of Ulysses, 'much-enduring.'

Scudding drifts.—Broken clouds flying before the wind.

Rainy Hyades.—A well-known group of seven stars in the head of Taurus. These stars were called *Hyades*—the Rainers—because their rising and setting were believed to be attended with much rain.

I am become a name.—I am become famous.

Delight of battle.—A fine translation of the Latin *certaminis gaudia*. For the sentiment compare Scott, *Lord of the Isles*, IV. 20:

> "O war! thou hast thy fierce delight,
> Thy gleams of joy intensely bright."

Ringing plains.—Ringing with the din of war.

I am a part, etc.—My present character is made up of my past experiences.

Yet all experience, etc.—My past experiences (instead of satisfying me) suggest alluring visions of the unexplored regions whose bounds seem continually to flee before me as I approach them.

To rust unburnish'd.—Compare the old proverb: "It is better to wear out than to rust out."

Of one to me little remains.—Of the single life which I can call my own.

Every hour is saved, etc.—Every hour of active life is something saved from the silence of the grave; nay, it is more than that, since it brings new experiences with it.

Some three suns.—The three years or so of life remaining.

This gray spirit yearning.—Is 'spirit' the object of 'store and hoard'; or the nominative absolute, equivalent to 'while this gray spirit yearns?'

Discerning to fulfil.—Sagacious enough to carry out.

Slow prudence.—Wise measures gradually introduced.

Decent not to fail, etc.—Becomingly careful not to fail in kind attentions (to his mother).

Gloom the dark seas.—Look gloomy on account of the haze in the distance.

My mariners.—"We need not quarrel with Tennyson for having bestowed those mariners on Ulysses in his old age. There were, indeed, none such. They all lay fathom-deep in brine; no Homer, no Athene, had paid regard to *them*; Ulysses returned alone to his isle, the hero only being of account in the eyes of classic poet or Pagan goddess. Tennyson's Ulysses is, after all, an Englishman of the Nelson wars rather than a Greek, and his feeling for his old salts is a distinctively Christian sentiment. So, indeed, is his desire for effort, discovery, labor, to the end" (Bayne).

Strove with Gods.—Venus and Mars helped the Trojans against the Greeks.

The lights.—The lights of the houses.

Smite the sounding furrows.—This recalls Homer's oft-repeated line, ἑξῆς δ' ἑζόμενοι πολιὴν ἅλα τύπτον ἐρετμοῖς, 'and sitting in order they smote the hoary sea with their oars.'

The baths, etc.—The western horizon of the sea; as the Greeks thought that the stars actually sank into the sea. Compare Homer, *Iliad*, XVIII, 489, λοετρῶν Ὠκεανοῖο, 'the baths of Ocean.'

The gulfs.—'The yawning main.'

The Happy Isles.—The *Fortunatae Insulae* were islands in the Atlantic off the west coast of Africa, supposed to be the modern Canary Isles. They formed the Greek Paradise, the home of the good after death.

Great Achilles.—The most terrible of the Greek heroes. After his death at Troy his arms were awarded to Ulysses who afterwards saw and talked with him in Hades.

(1) "Mr. Tennyson has indeed done little but fill in the sketch of the great Florentine. As is usual with him in all cases where he borrows, the details and minuter portions of the work are his own; he has added grace, elaboration, and symmetry; he has called in the assistance of other poets. A rough crayon draught has been metamorphosed into a perfect picture."—*Carr.*

(2) "The mild dignity and placid resolve—the steady wisdom after the storms of life, and with the prospect of future storms—the melancholy fortitude, yet kindly resignation to his destiny which gives him a restless passion for wandering—the unaffected and unostentatious modesty and self-conscious power—the long softened shadows of memory cast from the remote vistas of practical knowledge and experience, with a suffusing tone of ideality breathing over the whole, and giving a saddened charm even to the suggestion of a watery grave—all this, and much more, independent of the beautiful picturesqueness of the scenery, render the poem of *Ulysses* one of the most exquisite in the language."—*Horne.*

(3) "Antithetically and grandly opposed to the nerveless sentiment of *The Lotos Eaters* is the masculine spirit of the lines on Ulysses, one of the healthiest as well as most masterly of all Tennyson's poems."—*Bayne.*

(4) "In style and language this poem may be contrasted with *Œnone*: the latter being bathed in a glow of color and rich in poetic imagery, while *Ulysses* is severe in style and unadorned in language."

(5) "*Ulysses*, like *Tithonus* and *Œnone*, is in some sense a dramatic poem: it is spoken by another mouth than the poet's; the occasion of its utterance is one that illustrates and emphasises the character of the speaker; and this kind of dramatic vividness is worked not merely into the thoughts but into the style. The terse, laconic, almost epigrammatic vigor of language put into the mouth of Ulysses marks the man of action and resource in time of danger, the man accustomed to rule and to be obeyed."

(6) "For virile grandeur and astonishingly compact expression, there is no blank-verse poem, equally restricted as to length, that approaches the *Ulysses*: conception, imagery, and thought are royally imaginative, and the assured hand is Tennyson's throughout."—*Stedman.*

ST. AGNES' EVE.

This poem was first published in *The Keepsake* for 1837. It was reprinted with slight alterations in 1842. The earlier title of "St. Agnes" was changed in the edition of 1855 to "St. Agnes' Eve."

The snows are sparkling.—St. Agnes' Day is the 21st. of January. Keats' poem on "The Eve of St. Agnes" begins similarly with a reference to midwinter:

> "St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
> The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold."

St. Agnes may be supposed to be standing at a cloister window, clad in white robes and with taper in hand. She gazes out upon the convent-roof, on the slanting shadows over the snowy sward, and then, in ecstatic longing, towards the moon and stars of the frosty skies.

Argent round.—The moon.

Mine earthly house.—See 2 Cor. 5: 1, "If our earthly house of this tabernacle," etc.

Break up.—Break open. Compare Matt. XXIV. 43,—"If the goodman of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be *broken up*."

The Heavenly Bridegroom waits.—See Is. 62: 5,—"As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee."

The Sabbaths of Eternity.—See Heb. 4: 9.

The shining sea.—See Rev. 15: 2,—"And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire."

SIR GALAHAD.

Sir Galahad was the purest and saintliest of all King Arthur's knights:

> "And one there was among us, ever moved
> Among us in white armour, Galahad.
> 'God made thee good as thou art beautiful,'
> Said Arthur, when he dubb'd him knight; and none,
> In so young youth, was ever made a knight
> Till Galahad."

In the Arthurian legends the name of Galahad shines most conspicuously in connection with the search for the Holy Grail. The *Sancgreal* or *Holy Grail* was, as the legends say, the holy vessel from which our Saviour ate the paschal lamb at the Last Supper, or the vessel out of which he dispensed the wine. This cup was brought to Britain by Joseph of Arimathea. Tennyson's Idyll of "The Holy Grail" tells the story of the mystic cup:

> "The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
> Drank at the last sad supper with his own.
> This, from the blessed land of Aromat—
> After the day of darkness, when the dead
> Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint
> Arimathæan Joseph, journeying brought
> To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn
> Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.
> And there awhile it bode; and if a man
> Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once,
> By faith, of all his ills. But then the times
> Grew to such evil that the holy cup
> Was caught away to Heaven, and disappeared."

After the sacred cup had been lost for a long time it was seen by a holy maid, a sister of Sir Percivale, one of Arthur noblest knights. Knowing that Sir Galahad was the purest of Arthur's knights she inspired him with the belief that he should see the Holy Grail. His purity of life and earnestness of purpose were rewarded with a glimpse of the vessel. The miraculous occasion is thus described by Sir Percivale:

> "Then on a summer night it came to pass,
> While the great banquet lay along the hall,
> That Galahad would sit down in Merlin's chair.
> And all at once, as there we sat, we heard
> A cracking and a riving of the roofs,
> And rending, and a blast, and over head
> Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.
> And in the blast there smote along the hall
> A beam of light seven times more clear than day:
> And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail
> All over cover'd with a luminous cloud,
> And none might see who bare it, and it past.
> But every knight beheld his fellow's face
> As in a glory."

Many of the knights then swore a vow that they would ride 'a twelvemonth and a day' in quest of it till they found it and saw it clearly. When King Arthur was informed of their purpose he asked the knights if any of them had really seen the Holy Thing. They all answered 'Nay' but Galahad:

"Then Galahad on the sudden, and in a voice
Shrilling along the hall to Arthur, call'd,
'But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy Grail,
I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry—
O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me.'"

After a long and anxious quest Galahad has a clear view of the Grail, and goes forth in the spiritual strength derived therefrom to fight evil in all lands:

"I, Galahad, saw the Grail,
The Holy Grail, descend upon the shrine:
I saw the fiery face as of a child
That smote itself into the bread, and went;
And hither am I come; and never yet
Hath what thy sister taught me first to see,
This Holy Thing, fail'd from my side, nor come
Cover'd, but moving with me night and day,
Fainter by day, but always in the night
Blood-red, and sliding down the blacken'd marsh
Blood red, and on the naked mountain top
Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below
Blood-red. And in the strength of this I rode,
Shattering all evil customs everywhere,
And past thro' Pagan realms, and made them mine,
And clash'd with Pagan hordes, and bore them down,
And broke thro' all, and in the strength of this
Come victor."

Carves the casques.—Cuts through the helmets.

Shattering.—An expressive use of the word. The successive blasts *rend* the air.

On whom.—That is, on those on whom. Such ellipses are common in Shakespeare and Elizabethan English.

For them I battle.—It was the main office of the true knight to rescue and fight for distressed ladies.

More bounteous aspects.—Grander and more satisfying visions. The next three stanzas expand this verse.

Virgin.—Pure.

Stormy crescent.—The crescent moon setting amid storm-clouds.

Stalls.—Seats for the clergy in the chancel of a church.

Silver vessels.—The vessels containing the bread and wine of the Eucharist.

The shrill bell.—The bell is rung during mass at the elevation of the Host.

Magic bark.—Enchanted boats are common in early poetry.

My spirit beats, etc.—My spirit is eager to follow the heavenly vision.

As down dark tides, etc.—The glorious vision glides away into the darkness.

On the leads.—The hail beats on the roofs of the houses covered with lead.

Blessed forms.—Angels

I muse on joy, etc.—The joys of heaven and the realms of heavenly glory.

Pure lilies.—In Christian art the lily is the emblem of purity and innocence.

Stricken with an angel's hand, etc.—Under spiritual influences my whole being at times becomes etherealised.

The Prize.—The Holy Grail.

Hostel.—Inn.

Grange.—Farmhouse.

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(1) "This poem belongs to the quasi-dramatic group; it contains implicitly the story of a life and the exhibition of a well-marked type of character—the whole being put into the mouth of the hero of the poem himself."

(2) "This poem and *St. Agnes' Eve* are the two purest and highest of Tennyson's lyrical pieces, full of white light, and each a stainless idealization of its theme. *Sir Galahad* is rich in sounding melody, and has the true, knightly, heroic ring. The poet has never chanted a more ennobling strain."—*Stedman.*

(3) "*Sir Galahad* is a noble picture of a religious knight. He is almost as much a mystic as a soldier: both a monk and a warrior of the ideal type. He foregoes the world as much as if he lived within the monastery walls, and esteems his sword as sacred to the service of God as if it were a cross. His rapture is altogether that of the mystic. He is almost a St. Agnes, exchanging only the rapture of passivity for the transport of exultant effort. He is just the embodiment of the noblest and the strongest tendencies of the chivalric age."—*Taine.*

THE REVENGE.

This ballad was first published in *The Nineteenth Century* for March, 1878. It was included in the "Ballads and other Poems" of 1880.

Sir Richard Grenville of Stow, in Cornwall, was one of those bold, courageous spirits that lived in the stirring days of "Good Queen Bess." In 1571 he represented Stow in Parliament; and in 1577, having been High Sheriff of Cornwall, he was knighted. In 1585 he commanded the seven ships that carried Sir W. Raleigh's first colony to Virginia. At the time of the Armada he had a special commission to guard Cornwall and Devon from the Spaniards. In 1591 he was appointed vice-admiral of a squadron fitted out for the purpose of intercepting a rich Spanish fleet from the West Indies. The enemy's convoy, however, surprised him at Flores and surrounded him in his single ship, the *Revenge*, the rest of the squadron having retired. Hume thus describes the exploit commemorated in the ballad:—

"He [Sir Richard Grenville] was engaged alone with the whole Spanish fleet of fifty-three sail, which had ten thousand men on board; and from the time the fight began, which was about three in the afternoon, to the break of day next morning, he repulsed the enemy fifteen times, though they continually shifted their vessels, and boarded with fresh men. In the beginning of the action he himself received a wound; but he continued doing his duty above deck till eleven at night, when, receiving a fresh wound, he was carried down to be dressed. During this operation he received a shot in the head, and the surgeon was killed by his side. The English began now to want powder; all their small arms were broken or become useless; of this number, which were but a hundred and three at first, forty were killed, and almost all the rest wounded; their masts were beat overboard, their tackle cut in pieces, and nothing but a hulk left, unable to move one way or other. In this situation Sir Richard proposed to the ship's company to trust to the mercy of God, not to that of the Spaniards, and to destroy the ship with themselves, rather than yield to the enemy. The master gunner, and many of the seamen, agreed to this desperate resolution; but others opposed it, and obliged Grenville to surrender himself prisoner. He died a few days after; and his last words were: 'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind; for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honor: my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of

having behaved as every valiant soldier is in duty bound to do' The Spaniards lost in this sharp, though unequal action, four ships and about a thousand men. And Grenville's vessel [the "Revenge"] perished soon after with two hundred Spaniards in her."

Many accounts of this memorable sea-fight have been given. Besides the foregoing the most noteworthy are, (1) a report by Sir W. Raleigh published the same year, (2) a poem by Gervase Markham [1595] entitled "The most honourable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinvile, Knight," (3) "The Last Fight of the *Revenge* at sea" by Linschoten [1596], (4) Bacon's account of the fight in his "Considerations touching a Warre with Spaine" [1624], (5) Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" chap. XII, (6) Froude's "Short Studies on Great Subjects," vol. I., pp. 493-501, (7) Knight's History of England, chap. LXXVII.

It is somewhat strange that this "naval Thermopylae" of England was not celebrated in worthy English song for nearly three hundred years. Strange too it is that this virile ballad is not the product of Tennyson's vigorous manhood, but of his declining years. The poem is well up to high-water mark in ballad literature, and no one will dispute the characteristic comment of Carlyle on the occasion of Tennyson's reading the poem to him: "Eh! he has got the grip of it!"

A ballad of The Fleet.—The word *ballad* is now applied to a species of minor epic,—a versified narrative, in a simple, popular style, of some heroic deed, or of some striking event. The ballad is usually short, as it is confined to a single incident or to a brief series of connected events. It partakes of the lyric nature as well as of the epic, and is thus adapted for singing.

Flores—Azores.—*Flores* is a dissyllable and *Azores* a trisyllable here. Flores is one of the islands of the Azores group.

Follow quick.—That is, do you follow me.

Ships of the line.—The largest vessels are called 'liners' or 'ships of the line' because in an engagement they form in line of battle, while the lighter frigates are employed as scouts and cruisers.

Inquisition dogs.—When Elizabeth was kindling the spirit of her people against the Armada she took care that the cruelties of the Spanish inquisition should be set impressively before men's eyes. "A list and description was published, and pictures

dispersed, of the several instruments of torture with which, it was pretended, the Armada was loaded." Tennyson has well described the intense horror and hate with which the British sailors regarded the "devildoms of Spain."

The Spanish Inquisition was established in 1480 to *inquire into* and deal with offences against the established religion. Down to 1809 it is said to have caused the burning at the stake of 31,912 people in Spain alone.

Past away.—This archaic form of 'passed' is quite in keeping with the ballad style.

Bideford.—Pronounce *Bid-e-ford*. In Elizabethan times this was one of the chief ports of England. "It was the men of Devon . . . to whom England owes her commerce, her colonies, her very existence" (Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*)

For the glory of the Lord.—This is an ironical sneer at the notion of the Spaniards respecting the torture and burning of heretics.

Sea-castles.—Some of the Spanish galleons were four-deckers. Their great size put them at a disadvantage in a cannonade, for their lofty tiers of guns proved almost useless in a close conflict with a smaller vessel.

Weather bow.—The quarter from which the wind was blowing. Observe the modern pronunciation of 'bow,' rhyming with 'now;' compare with the older sound as in 'bowsprit,' 'bowline.'

Again.—The reader must observe the varying pronunciation of this word, rhyming in v. 9 with 'Spain,' and in v. 29 with 'men.'

We be.—This archaic form suits the ballad style.

Seville.—Accent on the first syllable. Seville was once the political and commercial capital of Spain. Here was the seat of the supreme court of the Inquisition.

Don.—Formerly a Spanish nobleman, but now long used by the English speaking races as a synonym for 'Spaniard.' The conjunction with 'devil' gives a special force here to 'Don.'

We roar'd.—We learn from this that the ballad is supposed to be recited by a survivor of the sea-fight.

Up-shadowing.—What other poetic compounds in the poem? What is their aesthetic value?

And we stay'd.—The epigrammatic crispness of this abrupt conclusion is in harmony with the situation described. The little 'Revenge' is running on when the San Philip comes between her and the wind and all at once—'we stay'd.'

Like a cloud.—A similitude very different from that in v. 14.

Galleons.—These were large four-decked, armed merchantmen.

Larboard.—The left side of the ship as one faces the bow. This side of the ship is now called 'port,' as the calls 'larboard' and 'starboard' in stormy weather are easily confounded.

Anon . . . ill-content.—Raleigh in his account of the fight says: "The San Philip shifted herself with all diligence from the side of the Revenge, utterly misliking her first entertainment." She had probably received a shot in her hull. Notice the quaint humor in Raleigh's account which Tennyson has reproduced in "she bethought herself" and "left her ill-content."

Shook 'em off.—*'em* is not a contraction of *them,* but represents the M.E. *hem,* the old objective plur. of *he.*

As a dog.—Notice the superb contempt in the simile.

Ship after ship.—During the night fifteen Spanish ships attempted, one after another, to board the *Revenge.* Two were sunk, and the rest battered and beaten off with great slaughter.

God of battles.—Compare Psalm XXIV., 8, "The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle."

Grisly.—Frightful, ghastly.

And he said.—Is this better than '*but* he said'?

Night went down.—What would be the meaning of "the night came down"?

Sun smiled.—Is this in harmony with the scene?

Stark.—'Stiff;' that is, 'dead.'

Sink me the ship.—*Me* is the 'dative of interest,'—sink the ship *at my bidding.*

The lion.—Sir Richard, the lion-hearted, could not now enforce his terrible order.

Flagship.—This is the ship that carries the admiral's flag, and in which he sails.

Queen and Faith.—Queen Elizabeth and the Protestant religion.

Holden.—Another archaism appropriate to a ballad containing a story of olden days.

Devil or man.—Linschoten says that the Spaniards declared that Sir Richard "had a devilish faith and religion, and therefore the devils loved him," and raised the subsequent storm to revenge his death.

Swarthier alien crew.—The Spaniards are of darker complexion than the English.

With her loss.—Carrying with her her sorrow for the loss of her English crew. By a fine touch of poetic imagination the little ship is represented as mourning and longing for her lost captain and crew.

The lands they had ruin'd.—The West Indies had been ravaged and plundered by the Spaniards. There is fine poetic justice in destroying these Spaniards with a wind from these ruin'd lands.

Or ever.—For *or e'er*, which arose by mistake from the earlier *or ere*, in which *ere* is a mere reduplication and explanation of the *or*, A.S. ær = ere = before.

By the island crags.—According to Raleigh "The *Revenge*, and in her 200 passengers, were cast away upon the isle of St. Michaels"—one of the Azores.

When a wind . . . main.—This is one of the finest attempts ever made at imitative harmony. By diction, by metre, and by rhythm, the poet makes his description gradually swell and gather like the storm with which he is dealing. The roaring and plunging of the verse reaches its climax in the antepenultimate line, and then gradually dies away into a calm.

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(1) Compare Tennyson's story of this famous sea-fight with the historical account. Where the poetic narrative diverges from history discover the artistic reason for the difference.

(2) What is the standard metre of this ballad, if it have such? Are the many varieties in the metrical pace of the lines studied and artistic?

(3) Examine the following lines with a view to discover whether there is imitative harmony in the *length* of the lines and the *movement* of the verse :—

(a) Very carefully and slow,—
(b) Running on, etc.—
(c) Long and loud,—
(d) When he leaps, etc.—
(e) For he said 'Fight on! fight on!'
(f) So they watched, etc.—
(g) We have fought . . . . .
does it matter when?—
(h) We have children, etc.—
(i) And he fell, etc.—

(4) Point out instances in the poem where the order and recurrence of the rhymes produce marked effects. Make a special study of section XIV with its five sets of rhymes.

(5) Discuss the propriety of calling the sections of this poem 'stanzas.'

(6) Examine the artistic devices of section IX. under these heads :—

(a) Length of lines,
(b) Nature of the rhymes,
(c) Quality of the metre,
(d) Use of rhetorical figures,
(e) Employment of nature.

(7) What in the form and the spirit of this poem are characteristic features of the ballad style?

(8) Show the value of oral reading in the interpretation and appreciation of poetry in general, and of this poem in particular.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

This poem was first published in the *Ballads and other Poems* of 1880.

The poem, it has been said, is "marred a little by the needlessly harsh attack on the practice of modern surgery, as exhibited by one of the hospital staff." But surely the poem is a little drama in which the Hospital Nurse is the speaker throughout. Her prejudices against modern innovations in medicine and

surgery are as much her own as is her goody-goody style of moralizing.

The two children of the poem are from actual life, the poet having read their story in a Parish Magazine.

He was happier using the knife.—He was more skilful in amputation.

Mangle the living dog.—The reference is to the practice of vivisection for purposes of physiological investigation.

Drench'd with the hellish oorali.—A *drench* is a draught of medicine for a beast. The drug *oorali* or *woorali* acts by paralyzing the nerves of motion while the sensitiveness is left unimpaired. Regulations have been enacted in England restricting the use of this drug and preventing its abuse.

That ever etc.—Give the full value of this abbreviated expression.

It was all but a hopeless case.—Why is the phraseology altered below to "it was but a hopeless case."

Has had his day.—What important bearing has this line on the whole poem?

It has only dawn'd.—This is the poet's own view:

> "Ring in the valiant man and free,
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in THE CHRIST THAT IS TO BE.

Ye do it to me.—See Matt. XXV, 40.

Where the works etc.—That is, in the fields and the woods.

Spirits in prison.—I Peter, III, 19.

Do it.—Perform the necessary surgical operation.

A phantom cry.—What purpose is served by introducing this, and the apparition below,—"it seem'd she stood by me and smiled"?

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(1) Mr. Palgrave asserts that this is the most absolutely pathetic poem known to him. What do you think of his estimate?

(2) What is the poet's justification for using 'Emmie' as a subtitle?

(3) Account for the remarkable brevity of the sixth section of the poem.

(4) Remark on the employment of such expressions as—"If I was you," "it's me," "Such a lot of beds," "tell it him plain."

(5) Why do poets use such forms as:
(a) 'Call'd,' 'fawn'd,' 'drench'd,' for 'called,' 'fawned,' 'drenched'?
(b) 'past,' 'crost,' 'vext,' 'tost,' for 'passed,' 'crossed,' 'vexed,' 'tossed'?
(c) 'tho',' 'thro',' for 'though,' 'through'?

YOU ASK ME WHY.

This poem and the two following, on England and her institutions, were written in 1833, though not published till 1842. In these three short pieces political philosophy, never a promising theme for verse, has been thrown into the poetic mould with wonderful skill.

A writer in the *British Quarterly Review* for October, 1880, says: "We have been told that when the Laureate was at Cambridge, a friend of his own age and set, himself well known in literature since those days, delivered a speech at the Cambridge Union which made at the time a profound impression. But few of the enthusiastic boys who heard it could have supposed even in the wildest flights of admiration, that their orator's thoughts, and many of his words, would live as long as the English language, in the form of the fine stanzas, 'You ask me why, though ill at ease,' 'Of old sat Freedom on the heights,' and 'Love thou thy land.'"

The orator referred to in the foregoing extract was probably James Spedding—to whom Tennyson's lines "To J.S." are addressed.

The mist—of England: *the purple seas*—of the South.

Sober-suited.—What is the force of the epithet? She is called in the next poem 'Grave mother of majestic works."

The land that Freedom chose.—So in the next poem, 'Then stept she down thro' town and field to mingle with the human race.'

Freedom slowly broadens down.—Freedom becomes broader and stabler down the progress of the ages. Compare the present form with the original reading 'broadens slowly.'

Should fill and choke.—Compare with the original reading, 'should almost choke.'

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(1) "You ask me." What is the special value of this form of introduction?

(2) Is there any reason why this and the two following poems have no titles? Try to make a title for each.

(3) "Tho' ill at ease." Is there anything in the poet's own nature or special circumstances to account for this?

(4) "Freedom broadens." Compare with 'sober-suited Freedom.' Is Freedom personified in both cases? With these compare also 'individual freedom' in the fifth stanza.

(5) "Single thought is civil crime." Does the poet intend a contrast between 'single' and 'civil'?

(6) Show how the style has been heightened by figures in the sixth and seventh stanzas.

(7) Show the aptness of the choice of 'purple seas' and 'palms and temples' in speaking of the south.

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights.—Compare Milton's L'Allegro, 26: "The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty."

Shook the starry lights.—This is a fresher form of the commoner expression, 'the trembling stars.'

Self-gathered in her prophet-mind.—Self-collected and confident as she looks into the future.

Fragments.—Freedom came slowly to man.

Grave mother.—She is represented on coins as the matron Britannia, crowned and holding Neptune's trident, thus signifying her claim to be "Mistress of the Sea."

Isle-altar.—Britain.

God-like.—Like the God Neptune.

The wisdom of a thousand years.—The wisdom of age.

Turning to scorn.—Scornfully denouncing.

The falsehood of extremes.—Tennyson is always a preacher of 'the golden mean.'

The following stanzas from another poem on "Freedom" published in 1884 may be read with profit in connection with these verses of a half-century before:

"O thou so fair in summers gone,
While yet thy fresh and virgin soul
Inform'd the pillar'd Parthenon,
The glittering Capitol;

So fair in Southern sunshine bathed,
But scarce of such majestic mien
As here with forehead vapor-swathed
In meadows ever green:

For thou—when Athens reign'd and Rome,
Thy glorious eyes were dimm'd with pain—
To mark in many a freeman's home
The slave, the scourge, the chain;—

O follower of the Vision, still
In motion to the distant gleam,
Howe'er blind force and brainless will
May jar thy golden dream

Of knowledge fusing class with class,
Of civic hate no more to be,
Of love to leaven all the mass
Till every soul be free;—

(1) Account for the associations and feelings of Freedom in the first six lines of the poem, 'Of old sat Freedom.'

(2) Compare this form of stanza with that of the preceding and the following poem. Is there anything in the subject and the treatment of this poem that makes the present stanza preferable to the stanza of the other two poems? Which is the stanza of "In Memoriam?"

LOVE THOU THY LAND.

This poem was probably written in 1833, at the very beginning of a period of unrest and revolution in almost every department of human activity and thought. "Science was awake on every

hand, gathering materials for the bold speculations on man and nature which within a few years have antiquated all that science had done before. Philosophical and theological speculation had received a new impulse from Germany." In the church this was the period of the famous 'Tracts for the Times.' In politics it was the period of the Reform Bill. John Morley has described this remarkable epoch thus: "A great wave of humanity, of benevolence, of desire for improvement,—a great wave of social sentiment, in short,—poured itself among all who had the faculty of large and disinterested thinking."

Love thou thy land.—The true patriot's love will include within its view not only the Present and the storied Past, but also, through the imagination, the possibilities of the future.

True love etc.—It must be a constant love with fixed principles and having in it no elements of selfishness.

The herd etc.—The populace are easily deceived by the sophistry of the demagogue.

Deliver not etc.—Entrust not the power of governing the country to those too weak for the task, nor keep political power from those who are worthy of it.

Make knowledge etc.—Educate the masses, but let them not be seized with the iconoclastic spirit. The bane of educated democracies is the absence of reverence. The theme is handled more fully in "In Memoriam," CXIV:

> "Who loves not knowledge? Who shall rail
> Against her beauty? May she mix
> With men and prosper! Who shall fix
> Her pillars? Let her work prevail.
>
> But on her forehead sits a fire:
> She sets her forward countenance
> And leaps into the future chance,
> Submitting all things to desire.
>
> Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
> She cannot fight the fear of death.
> What is she, cut from love and faith,
> But some wild Pallas from the brain
>
> Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
> All barriers in her onward race
> For power. Let her know her place
> She is the second, not the first."

In the Prologue to the same poem occurs the thought:

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell"—

Watch what main-currents etc.—Watch the trend of the times.

Cut prejudice etc.—This is one's own prejudice.

Regard the weakness etc.—In dealing with your fellowmen if you feel they are wrong have consideration for their weakness.

It grows to guerdon after-days.—Do not count on any immediate return for patriotic endeavors. The praise will come in good time to reward (to guerdon) the future.

Watch-words.—Such as "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," "The Classes and the Masses," etc.

In its season etc.—When the times are ripe for any particular legislation, then legislate, but not before.

Life, that, working strongly, binds.—After a measure has been fully discussed and then made law it will have a living force that will give it effect.

To close.—To include.

For nature also.—Show how nature in maturing the individual life is to be a model for men in their legislative enactments.

Be free to ingroove itself.—Let the old (that which flies) and the new join interests and with united purpose (a joint of state) perform their common functions.

Work, a joint of state.—And let them work as a joint of state, etc.

Hard to shape in act—Peaceful revolutions are rare.

Ev'n now.—At the time of writing show that England was in an unquiet condition.

Phantoms.—Indications that monarchies and even existing forms of republics might be superseded.

New majesties of mighty states.—These are the "other forms of rule" which are to come, and as ideals the poet calls them "the warders of the growing hour."

Lest the soul of Discord, etc.—As in the times of the French Revolution.

A wind to puff etc.—To increase the blaze that burns your idols.

Ashes on the head.—A suggestion of mourning and humiliation.

To follow flying steps of Truth.—In the pursuit of Truth to engage in war.

Thro' shame and guilt.—Through the shameful conduct and guilt of the nation.

Like peace.—With all the calmness and confidence of peace.

From either side.—From either party.

To-morrow yet etc.—The future would reap the results of the present as we are reaping the results of the past.

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(1) What constitutes this piece a poem? How much does it contain of the elements and qualities of poetry? Examine under the heads, [a] diction, [b] figures, [c] melody and harmony, [d] fancy and imagination.

(2) Can you trace a thread of sequence running through the poem, or are the ideas strung loosely together?

APPENDIX.

THE TWO LOCKSLEY HALLS.

To a large portion of the English-speaking race, perhaps to the larger portion of it, Tennyson is pre-eminently the poet of "Locksley Hall." There are others of his productions which commend themselves with far more effectiveness to minds of a certain order. There are others of them which will be conceded to display more varied if not greater power. But there is no other that has appealed to so wide a circle of sympathies, and, as a result, there is no other that has been so generally read and admired and quoted. Its popularity has never been fitful. The rank which it took at the very outset it has held since with not the slightest abatement. Comparatively few are living now who can remember how sudden was its leap into fame. We have no means of ascertaining when it was written, still less when it was conceived. But it made its first appearance in print in the two-volume edition of 1842, with which the poet broke at last what had practically been a silence of ten years. That edition came out in the latter part of the month of May. In the review of it that was published in the London *Athenæum*, early in the following August, nothing was quoted from "Locksley Hall," for the avowed reason that it was one in particular of two or three pieces that had already become common property.

The poet himself may be thought to share to some extent in the sentiments of the larger number of his readers. It is, at any rate, to this production of his youth that he has gone back in his old age. Forty-four years after its publication, and perhaps fifty years after its conception, he took up the same theme and brought once more upon the stage the same characters. Late in 1886 was published "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." No such welcome awaited it as that with which the original poem had been greeted. Respectful mention was made of it in some quarters, and there were a few in which it met with enthusiastic praise. On the other hand, a good deal of the criticism expressed of it was depreciatory where it was not openly hostile. This is a

condition of things by no means unexampled in the case of several of Tennyson's productions, upon which at their first appearance reviewers have solemnly frowned or have bestowed at best a grudging commendation. Some of them, which are now reckoned among the masterpieces of his genius, made their way with the least possible aid from the favorable verdicts of the majority of professional judges. He who wishes to gain a vivid conception of the value or valuelessness of contemporary criticism, its self-appreciation and its lack of appreciation, can hardly do better than consult certain of the articles which appeared upon several of Tennyson's greatest works at the time of their original publication.

But in the case of the second Locksley Hall—as for the sake of convenience it may be called—there has been something more than lack of appreciation in much of the criticism with which it has been received. The literary judgments pronounced upon it have frequently been modified, and in some instances have been influenced throughout, by reasons that were in no sense literary. The poem was looked at not as a work of art but as a contribution to the discussion of the social and political phenomena of the day. On this account it met with favor from some; from a much larger number it met with disfavor. One man would be tempted to depreciate it because its author had been created a lord. Another would go further, and insinuate that the poet had been bribed by a peerage to turn his back upon the more generous convictions of his earlier time. All the mean motives which spawn with profusion in mean minds were advanced to account for the writer's real or supposed change of view. No doubt, indeed, can well be entertained that much of the adverse criticism to which the piece was subjected was due not to the character of the poetry it contained but to the character of the politics it was thought to represent.

It ought not to be necessary to say that criticism which is based, consciously or unconsciously, upon grounds of this sort has hardly reason for its existence, still less excuse for its utterance. The views expressed in the second Locksley Hall may be the views of Tennyson himself, or they may not be. In neither case have they anything to do with the estimate we form of the work. To the literary critic the fact of the revelation or non-revelation in the poem of the author's opinions is a matter of even less concern than the justness or the falsity of the opinions themselves. To him there are but two questions that present themselves for consideration. In the first place, is the poem, as regards its import, true to life—does it fairly represent the character in

whose mouth its sentiments are put? Again, as regards the form, does it express with fitness and force the thoughts and feelings which it was intended to convey? Tried by these, the only proper standards, the new Locksley Hall will abide the severest test. Unlike most continuations, while it shows departure, it shows no falling off from the original. There are causes that will always tend to make the one poem less widely popular than the other. But the motives of the two are essentially the same, and both will go down to future times as representative companion pictures of two strongly marked phases of individual and of national life.

The instantaneous and universal popularity which the first "Locksley Hall" gained was due in part to causes independent of its form. It mirrored as did no other work the hopes and aspirations of its time. The period in which it was produced was a period of exaltation which reflected in faint outlines the mood of men in the earlier months of the French Revolution. It is hard for us now to conceive the state of mind that prevailed at the opening of the half-century that has just closed. The optimistic view of the future was everywhere predominant. The race was at last emerging from the social and political thraldom which had cramped its efforts and crushed its spirit. Class distinctions were on the point of overthrow, ancient abuses of all sorts were about to be uprooted. On another side there was a prospect full as glorious. Man was speedily to assert his full mastery over the blind but mighty elemental forces of which he had hitherto been the plaything or the victim. His career of conquest over nature had already opened triumphantly. Steam applied to locomotion was annihilating space. Electricity, though not yet made fully captive, was revealing the possibility of the annihilation of time. An abstract personification called Science, with miracles already performed, and with the promise of greater miracles to be performed, was the new deity to which we were to look for the regeneration of the race. There was no limit to its beneficence, no limit to its power, no limit therefore to what it could and would accomplish. To all the future looked bright, for there was intoxication in the air.

It was at such a time as this that the poet came forward in the original "Locksley Hall" to put into majestic words the majestic but vague ideas which had fired the imaginations of men. To their shadowy conceptions he gave distinctness and grandeur. He pictured for them the full glory of the coming day which had already begun to dawn. The hero of the piece was suited to the part he was called upon to perform. He is in the vigor of early

manhood, but his life has already been saddened by a great personal calamity which makes him willing to fling it away. From the benumbing effects of this sorrow he is rescued by the vision that unfolds itself before his eyes, of the progress of humanity through the wonder-working agencies of science and the development of man as man. The individual, it is true, may fail, but the race itself is moving on through struggle and storm to a higher civilization and a loftier destiny. In the gorgeous picture of the future which presents itself before him, the noble, even if delusive, dream of human brotherhood revives. Strife and battle there must be before the result is reached. But these are nothing more than the preliminary tumults with which all great changes are ushered in. They in turn will give place to the reign of universal peace, made permanent and secure by the obedience of all to that universal law which has been established by the parliament of man and is upheld by the federation of the world.

It is little wonder that a great poem, which by its combination of lofty sentiment and lofty diction gave dignity to the acts and lives of common men, should have been greeted with the warmest of welcomes. In its glowing lines the early Victorian era read the reality of the future of which it dreamed. But there is another side to the shield. It is this which the new Locksley Hall sets out to show us. A half-century has gone by, and the hero of the poem once more appears. This time, however, it is not the man with his life before him who speaks, but the man who has lived his life. He stands almost alone. Gone are the enemies he hated, the friends he loved, the comrades of the bivouac and the battle-field. Gone, above all, are the feelings which furnished the inspiration of the original poem. The vision of his early life, however, is not gone. He recalls it half-satirically to point the contrast between the pretension and promise of the time and the pitiful performance that has followed. Yet there is also a half-mournful tone in these very verses in which he asks, incredulously, if some diviner force will guide men in the days he himself shall not see to the realization of his youthful ideal:

When the schemes and all the systems, Kingdoms and Republics fall,
Something kindlier, higher, holier—all for each and each for all?

All the full-brain, half-brain races, led by Justice, Love, and Truth;
All the millions one at length, with all the visions of my youth?

All diseases quench'd by Science, no man halt, or deaf, or blind;
Stronger ever born of weaker, lustier body, larger mind?

Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue,
I have seen her far away—for is not Earth as yet so young?—

Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion kill'd,
Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert till'd,

Robed in universal harvest up to either pole she smiles,
Universal ocean softly washing all her warless Isles.

This is the picture he saw in his youth. How does it correspond with the picture he now sees? He had dreamed then of universal peace and universal brotherhood. Mighty and bloody wars have marked the interval. These, indeed, he had forecast as an inevitable accompaniment of the period of transition. But, as a result, is the world any nearer the goal of universal brotherhood, does the reign of universal peace exhibit any clearer signs of its approach? Is, in truth, such a hope any longer cherished not as a remote probability but even as a remote possibility? The situation that presents itself before his eyes is the all-sufficient comment upon the expectation. The civilized world is eager for peace but seems driven by a dreadful necessity to devote all its energies to preparation for war. The whole European continent is an intrenched camp. America is saved by the mere accident of position from the need of raising mighty armaments, and it is to her watery wall alone that his own country owes its freedom from the burden of maintaining a gigantic land-force.

If we turn, on the other hand, to Science we find the same failure of the present to realize the dream of the past. Even on the purely material side the new deity men were called upon to worship has not done everything which was anticipated. The navies of the world do not as yet fight in the mid-air, as the poet saw them in his earlier vision. Still, though Science has not fulfilled all the expectations of its worshippers it has fulfilled them partially, and in some cases has gone beyond their most extravagant hopes. Yet its very success in certain ways makes more pronounced its futility in others. The panaceas which it was to bring with it have turned out incapable of healing a single one of the sorrows that are the sad inheritance of the race. It shifts the load of human care, but it does not lighten it. It has shown itself absolutely helpless to satisfy the cravings of the spirit. Science may add to man's physical well-being, but it adds nothing to his real happiness. It may give him longer life, but it will not teach him to live it any better. It may make him more satisfied with himself, but it contributes little or nothing to his intellectual stature. He is no greater now, whirled fifty miles an hour by the banks of the Thames, than he was two thousand years ago,

wandering slowly along the Ilissus. Even the material comforts which it furnishes on a much broader scale do not apparently remove his sullen discontent with his lot, which, if not deeper-seated than ever, is certainly far more vocal. Equally futile has been the remedial legislation which has set out to elevate the race by striking off the fetters that have held its mental and spiritual activities in check. The fierce competition between man and man which unshackled freedom has brought in its train presses upon the weaker or more luckless combatants in the struggle as heavily as did ever the tyranny of the most repressive legislation.

It is by the expression of these sentiments that the second Locksley Hall represents, as accurately as in its turn did the first, the feelings both of the time of life and of the time. As the latter poem painted the confident attitude of the one period, so does the former the critical attitude of the other. The words are put appropriately into the mouth of an old man who, by the very fact of age, is a praiser of the past, and by the fact of experience has learned to see the vanity of the illusions which he had mistaken for realities. But its principal claim to consideration is the picture it presents of the feelings that are prevalent, if not dominant, at the close of the Victorian era. The hopefulness of its beginning has been replaced by dismal apprehensions. The future is doubtful if not gloomy. We seem to be mere helpless atoms floating on a stream of tendency the current of which we cannot control, and borne onward to a catastrophe we cannot foresee. Everything that is dark in the time, everything that is unlovely, everything that is forbidding, is therefore brought out with added emphasis in this poem that concerns itself with the phenomena of the time. In art, in literature, and in life, we seem steadily sinking to lower levels. The love of country has been lost in love of self, and devotion to ennobling national ideas has given way to unworthy attempts to gain the favor of the multitude by pandering to its passions or by flattering its vanity. The brutal and savage instincts inherent in human nature, which we fancied we had outgrown, reappear in meaner and more cowardly forms, and seek the gratification of revenge for political wrongs by the infliction of pain upon innocent and helpless animals. A literature which proclaims itself realistic vies with the brothel in appealing to the baser passions, and adds hypocrisy to vice by the pretence that it is doing it in the interests of a purer and loftier art.

Whether these denunciatory utterances express or not the actual views of the poet does not concern the reader. It is

enough for him if they depict fairly sentiments that are widely held. This they certainly do. For at the present time a great pessimistic wave is sweeping over the world, at least over that portion of it which thinks. Individuals may be, and doubtless are, exempt from its influence. But even he who does not feel it in his own consciousness can hardly fail to see its existence on every side. The literature is largely one of doubt where it is not one of dread. We may deplore the prevalence of the sentiment or we may scoff at it. For the manifestation of the latter feeling there is doubtless this excuse, that to some extent it has become a mere fashion. Just as in Shakespeare's time men were sad only for wantonness, so it is not unusual now to see them pessimistic for the same reason. Still this does not vitiate the fact that the educated mind of the race is now largely disturbed everywhere by fear of the future, and is sometimes mastered by despair.

It is, of course, very possible that all the gloomy misgivings of the second Locksley Hall may turn out as baseless as the glowing anticipations of the first. As, indeed, in the earlier poem itself the confidence in the future was shaken at intervals by feelings of doubt, so in the later the doubt is relieved in turn by occasional feelings of hope. Accordingly, the children of this world, who are not troubled because they do not think, may possibly be wiser in their generation than the children of light, who stagger under the burden of prospective calamities that are never to arrive. Democracy in particular has had, in time past, a peculiar fashion, which it may repeat in time to come, of revenging itself upon its adversaries—in confounding by its course their predictions as to its conduct, and of falsifying by the event their prognostics of disaster. However these things may turn out, the second Locksley Hall must always have attached to it a special interest for the exact and vivid representation it furnishes of the feelings of the time. This, independent of literary form, would establish its claim to being one of the most memorable works of its author. But its literary form, moreover, raises it to a distinction which places it fully alongside of the similar work accomplished by him in the first vigor of manhood. There are certain characteristics belonging to the earlier poem which the latter does not and cannot have. The subject itself forbids it. The literature of denunciation and gloom can never be invested with the charm that is inherent by nature in the literature of hope and aspiration. A work, in particular, that embodies the doubts and fears of a class, no matter if intellectually the highest, can never attain to the general popularity of one that gives at

least the semblance of reality to the dreams of all. There are, besides, in the second poem a few passages which approach dangerously near to the prosaic. There are one or two verses in which the thought is too commonplace for the language with which it has been clothed. But when these shortcomings have been pointed out, very little is left for the devil's advocate to urge in the way of objection. All of these defects, when taken together, detract but little from the perfection of the piece as a whole. It is little to say of "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" that English literature presents no similar instance of a work of anything like the same grade of intellectual achievement produced by a poet at the same period of life. No allowance has to be made for it on account of the age of its author. If it lack at times the gorgeousness of diction which characterized to so marked a degree the original creation it equals it in sustained power, and in energy of expression it occasionally leaves it behind. There is exhibited throughout it that same felicitous capacity of producing great effects by the use of single words or phrases. What a weight of meaning, for instance, is added to the verse, what a picture is presented to the mind by the employment of the word *flash* in the following passage instead of an ordinary verb of motion:

What are men that He should heed us? cried the king of sacred song;
Insects of an hour, that hourly work their brother insect wrong,

While the silent Heavens roil, and Suns along their fiery way,
All their planets whirling round them, flash a million miles a day.

Passages like this, which are scattered throughout the poem, display conspicuously the difference in workmanship between the mere man of talent and the man of genius. Nor is the philosophy of the production unworthy of its literary form. The stormy utterances that constitute the principal portion of it prepare fittingly the way for the lesson it sets out to enforce. Science has failed us, legislation has failed us, the great political changes from which so much was anticipated have proved barren of results. In what quarter are we to look for help? It is in the conduct of the man whom the hero of the earlier poem had wronged that the same hero of the later one finds the solution of the problem that has perplexed his spirit. Not upon remedial legislation, good and even necessary as it may be, not upon the achievements of science, grand as they doubtless are, rests the hope for the future of the race. It is in the life of his successful rival, who strove for sixty years to help in all ways his homelier fellow-

men, that he recognizes the force which is to prevent the earth from touching her earthly worst if it does not lift her to her heavenly best. Not in mighty movements which fascinate the minds of all, though in them few can directly share, but in the performance of services to those who are nigh us or dependent upon us, in the discharge of the humbler duties of life to which power is never lacking but only will, lies the secret of man's gradual regeneration and elevation. Is the lesson taught by the second Locksley Hall any less noble or any less true than that taught by the first?

—*Lounsbury.*

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